

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XLVI. — AUGUST, 1871. — No. 2.

THE INFINITE IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY THOMAS HILL, D.D.

THE word "infinite" has in its literal signification a merely negative meaning; what is infinite is not finite, has no bounding lines, or limits. But in philosophy this merely negative meaning is expressed by the insertion of another syllable, and the not bounded is called the indefinite. The word "infinite" is reserved for a positive idea; a positive idea which is, however, usually expressed in some negative form. The infinite not only has no boundaries, but can have none; or to put it in a positive form, that which is infinite exceeds all actual and all possible boundaries. We must be careful to distinguish, therefore, between the indefinite and the infinite; since they are not only different ideas, but so different that one does not necessarily suggest or lead to the other.

The mathematics furnish us the only perfect types of the reasoning process. In his remarkable papers before the National Academy, Peirce defines the mathematics as the science of drawing necessary conclusions. All science becomes mathematical when its logic and its data are so per-

fect as to give necessity to its inferences. On the other hand, the sciences which deal primarily with space and time, furnishing the first and most perfect examples of mathematics, furnish thereby types of logical processes, by which we may classify and compare the logical processes of all other sciences.

Now in the mathematical examination of space and time peculiar methods have been developed for dealing with the indefinite and with the infinite, and by these methods the most important results of modern physical science have been obtained. I believe the same essential methods are necessary in moral, political, metaphysical, and theological science.

It is manifest that, when a proposition contains either an indefinite or an infinite term, we are to be very cautious how we introduce it as the premise in an argument, since the infinite term cannot be known in its whole relation to that which is affirmed of it, and our inference, to be sound as an inference, must use only what is really known and really expressed in the premise. Without this exceeding care we may, therefore, come to unwarranted, and even false, conclusions.

Take, as a simple illustration, the summation of an infinite series. Achilles runs a race with a tortoise and gives him a mile advantage in the start. When Achilles has run a mile the tortoise is half a mile ahead. When Achilles has run that half mile the tortoise is a quarter of a mile ahead, &c. At this rate, it is said, Achilles can never catch the tortoise; the creature will always be ahead, half as much as it was when it was at the point where Achilles is found.

The same series may be given in another way. Tom Paine puts into his tumbler a gill of water and a gill of brandy, and drinks half the mixture. He turns in a gill of brandy, again drinks half, and again turns in a gill of brandy. However often this process is repeated, the mixture never becomes clear brandy: it always retains part of the original gill of water.

In other words, the series of fractions, one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, one-thirty-second, &c, can never

be carried far enough to add up to unity : the sum will always lack as much of being one as the last fraction added.

It is evident that in the case of the brandy and water this would be true, and that in the case of Achilles and the tortoise it would not be true. Achilles would catch the tortoise when he had run two miles and the tortoise one ; while Tom Paine might drink brandy and water to the end of his life, and be able to give you on his dying day the proportion of water which his tumbler still contained. Why is the argument fallacious in the one case and not in the other ? In one case you have a mile of distance to be made up by adding to a half, a quarter, then an eighth, then a sixteenth, and so on, and it finally makes a mile ; in the other case you are to make a gill by adding the very same fractions, and yet you cannot do it, and the argument by which you show that you cannot seems to show equally well that you cannot thus make a mile. Yet as a matter of fact we know that Achilles will overtake and pass the tortoise. Why does the argument fail ?

What is the argument ? Stated in a form to apply to both cases it would be something like this : take the case where you will, your sum lacks something of being a unit, and you add only half the deficit. No matter how extended the series, extend it indefinitely, and when the imagination fails in the attempt to carry it further, still there is a deficit, of which you are at liberty to supply only half ; so that you are just as far from the end as when you began.

The mathematician answers, Carry the series beyond all the indefinite to the absolutely infinite, and the sum will be unity (as is shown by the practical fact of Achilles overtaking the tortoise) : the deficit will then become zero.

But how can the additions be performed an absolutely infinite number of times ? Only by performing them with infinite rapidity. Here is the fallacy as applied to the foot-race. It is assumed that it takes always a finite time for Achilles to arrive at the place where the tortoise was. Now it does take Tom Paine as long to drink his half-glass of brandy and water when it is nearly clear spirit as when it is half water.

He can, therefore, never get the water out. His tenth drink would have in it only one-tenth of one per cent of water, and his twentieth one million parts of brandy to one of water. But it would be easy to calculate how many drinks he could probably take in seventy years, and what would be the infinitesimal percentage of water in his last dram.

Not so with Achilles. He runs his first mile in four minutes, then his half mile in two minutes, his quarter mile in one minute, his furlong in thirty seconds, his twenty rods in fifteen seconds, and so on. Each space is surmounted in half the time of the preceding: as the spaces grow indefinitely small, they are passed with indefinite rapidity, and at the end of eight minutes from the beginning the infinite series has been added, the later additions having been made with infinite rapidity.

There is no need of a tortoise. A locomotive is running at a uniform speed of fifteen miles an hour. A mile-post by her side, she runs a half mile further, then a quarter, then an eighth, and so on, and in four minutes is at another post. Had she stopped a thousandth of a second at the half mile, the three-quarters and so on, she would never have quite reached the second post, because, although her time from stop to stop would be growing less, it would not be growing indefinitely less; it could not get below the thousandth of a second; and an indefinite number of thousandths of a second may be any length of time you please.

These simplest possible illustrations of the use of the indefinite and the infinite in mathematical reasoning show how difficult it is, without the use of algebraic symbols, to keep from erroneous processes. The series of fractions in which each is half the preceding, and the first is half of unity, will evidently always lack, in its sum, just the last fraction of adding up to unity. When the series is indefinitely prolonged, the value of its sum approaches indefinitely near to unity, and when it is prolonged to infinity, the sum is unity. But this prolongation to infinity can be accomplished only by acceleration in creating the latter part of the series, such that finally the fractions are produced with an absolutely infi-

nite rapidity. In nature this is readily accomplished by uniform motion, and common sense acknowledges the summation to be correct.

But the history of metaphysical and theological speculation is full of instances in which problems involving the indefinite and the infinite, in much more subtle and complicated forms than this very simple series of fractions, have been discussed with warmth, and decided by different parties in different ways, without the disputants perceiving that their premises involved indefinite terms, and could not therefore give them safe conclusions.

The mathematician never starts with indefinite or infinite terms and deduces from them anything but negative conclusions. But he very frequently starts with finite terms and arrives, as in the cases of Achilles and Tom Paine, at sound conclusions concerning the infinite. Starting with finite quantities, and their finite relations, he imagines those quantities indefinitely enlarged or indefinitely diminished, and observes how the relations are affected, — if the relations are also indefinitely changed he arrives only at negative results. But if the relations remain unchanged, or change in a manner which approaches only a finite change, while the quantities themselves are indefinitely enlarged, then he comes to a positive and certain knowledge of the relations holding between the quantities when they have become not only indefinite but infinite. Thus he arrives, by induction from the indefinite, at a knowledge of relations in the infinite in quantity. The whole calculus of Leibnitz and Newton is but an expansion of this process by which the mathematician argues *to* the infinite, — he cannot argue *from* the infinite.

But motion itself, says Zeno, contains the mystery. I am at Athens, and whatever I do, I must do in Athens. I cannot therefore go to Corinth, for Corinth is not in Athens. This appears to be a mere quibble upon words. Not at all; it is an early case of attempting to argue from a premise containing by implication an infinitesimal. Zeno is in Athens, and while there can act only there. But standing on the exact limits of the city, he can exert a volition which shall

put him by one step outside, and by a repetition of steps can walk to Corinth. Zeno's paradox implies that a body cannot be in a place without remaining in it; it is thus a *petitio principii*. It implies that it takes a finite time to exercise momentum, which is an unwarranted assumption. It implies that there can be no motion except finite motion, which is again unwarranted; or it implies that the sum of infinitesimals is not finite, which is sustained only by an argument from the infinite; and that argument is never trustworthy. A body, he says, must act where it is, and not where it is not; therefore a body cannot move at all, for it cannot move while it is where it is. And I answer that moving is not acting, but the result of an action; a thing moves because it is in motion; it cannot *move* at a particular place, but it can be *in motion* at that place. And this infinitesimal "being in motion" at a place is to be multiplied an infinite number of times in an infinite number of contiguous places before it becomes a real finite motion, however minute; and is so multiplied, at every instant, by a moving body.

It has been a favorite speculation among cosmogonists that the world came by chance, by the fortuitous concourse of atoms. It was Diderot who put this in the strongest light. Given the atoms and their motion, and they must assume an infinite variety of positions, including therefore all positions, and therefore the present arrangement. "Give me a sufficient number of Greek letters," said he, "and let me shake them up and throw them out, a sufficient number of times, and I will at last throw the Iliad. In an infinite number of throws I will get an infinite number of positions, and therefore all possible positions, and among them the position in which they make the Iliad."

In this argument from infinity there are several unwarrantable assumptions. It is assumed that the letters would fall in such position that they could be read as if consecutively arranged; but it is an impossibility that they should thus fall. Suppose however that this be arranged, and that the throws alter only the order of succession of the letters, — it is assumed that the letters will under the shaking and

throwing assume all possible positions ; but this is not true : they will assume only all random positions, and never take positions in conformity to any sort of law, — never, for example, be arranged as vowels and consonants, — nor in doublets, triplets, &c, — nor as those going above or below the line, — nor classified or arranged in any way that indicates thought, knowledge, or guidance in the arrangement. An infinite number of positions does not include all possible positions.

The logic of development theories in all their protean forms is infected with the same fallacy, of arguing from the infinite. They all assume an infinite or at the least an indefinitely large time in which the development has taken place, and nearly all assume that in an infinite time infinite changes must occur ; although their advocates acknowledge that no trace of such changes taking place can be discovered in the history of finite times, either in the records of man or in the rocks ; the variation of species, even under culture, not being in the direction of running one species into another.

A somewhat similar error is found in the application of the mythical theories of interpretation to the gospel, — there is an assumption of effects produced in a short time, which in their nature would require an indefinite time ; but this case is not exactly in point.

The doctrines of fate and necessity have been debated by all speculative minds in all ages ; and with continual risk of arguing from the infinite. From the infinite nature of the Deity it is argued that his foreknowledge must be absolute, and from his absolute foreknowledge it is argued that all things must be predestined to come to pass as he foresees they will come. Both steps of the argument involve infinity in the premises, and therefore the reasoning is not trustworthy.

It may be that certain limited spheres of human action are left so absolutely free by the Deity that he does not foresee which course a man will take : he only knows that whichever we take he will cause it to contribute to the accomplishment of his own purposes. Or, granting that his foreknowledge is absolute, it may be that his relation to time is such that he

sees the future, without implying that the future necessarily must be, what it actually will be. We may argue from the prevalence of order in the universe, and from the stability of that order, and its evolution of better from worse, the foreknowledge of the Deity, and the infinity of foreknowledge; but we cannot argue back from that infinity to finite consequences with safety.

An induction from the finite order of the universe may also lawfully lead to a recognition of the moral attributes of the Creator; that he is wise, and just, and benevolent; and we may lawfully yield to the logical instinct which declares these attributes as infinite as the Being in whom they dwell. From these attributes we may also justly argue, but we must beware of arguing from their infinity. That the justice, and wisdom, and loving kindness of the Lord are akin to those qualities in man, is implied in our applying these titles to them, and on this likeness of man to his Creator is built the possibility of religion in any Christian sense. The Calvinist, however, argues from the infinity of God's justice that the punishment of every human sin must be infinite and eternal torment; while from the infinity of his benevolence the Universalist argues that the effects of sin must be transient, and that all souls are destined for eternal and infinite happiness. It seems to me that both inferences are illogical; they are avowedly drawn from infinity in the premises, and can neither of them be trustworthy. The infinite justice and infinite mercy of the Deity are a stable ground of trust and confidence, of settled hope, of reverent fear; but they cannot, without self-contradiction, be made to defend doctrines which paralyze the soul with horror, or doctrines which remove the sense of guilt and the fear of retribution.

A prevalent modern error denies these attributes to the Deity, on the ground that assigning any attribute of human personality to the Deity is making him finite. Various shades of this opinion are extant, varying according to the general theological views of the speaker, — from Mansel's orthodoxy to Spencer's heterodoxy. The extreme view is found with Herbert Spencer, who insists that our only conception of

Deity is, the Unknowable Cause of the knowable. He acknowledges the validity of the induction by which we arrive at the existence of one Ultimate Cause of all phenomena, but then insists that we can learn nothing further concerning this First Cause than its existence; we cannot, he says, predicate it of any attribute whatever, since such predication instantly makes the Infinite finite.

Spencer thus acknowledges the fundamental principles for which I am contending, namely, that we can arrive by induction at a true knowledge of the Infinite, and that we cannot safely introduce the Infinite into any premises of an argument; that is, that we can argue to the Infinite, but not safely from the Infinite. But he instantly violates both principles, in the very discussion in which he announces them, as well as in many other parts of his writings. And, to make his inconsistency greater, he implicitly confesses points in accordance with these principles, which he explicitly denies in violation of them.

He arrives by induction at the existence of an Eternal, Almighty First Cause. That is, he assigns the phenomena of the universe to a cause, and assigns to that cause Being, Causal Energy, or Power, omnipotent, Eternity, Manifestation or Presence in the universe. Yet, because this Being is Omnipotent and Eternal, Spencer declares it utterly unknowable; a fallacious inference *from* the infinite. The same series of phenomena which leads him to recognize the existence of a First Cause has led him in that recognition to confess the Being, Omnipotence, and Eternity of God, so that on his own statement he has not found a Being unknown and unknowable, but so far known that we may speak of the First Cause as the Eternal, the Self-Existent, the Almighty. Now this same series of phenomena may as justly lead us by its order and benignant working to add to these titles, those of the All-wise, the All-good. Every cause is known in its effects, and the cause is to a certain extent known as soon as the effects are known. We may not from the effects know all that we wish to know concerning the cause; else there were no art of induction, and no progress in the sciences;

but we do know *something* concerning the cause the moment that we recognize the effects. The order of the universe is intelligible and beneficent; and we are hence led to the induction that its Cause is intelligent and benevolent; and although Herbert Spencer explicitly denies that we are authorized to make this induction, he yet implicitly confesses that we may, by the earnestness with which he expresses his faith that "there is no vice in the constitution of things;" that all evolution is from good to better; and that the future destiny of our race is certainly to be glorious.

Such are a few of many examples which might be brought to show the danger of attempting to argue directly from the infinite. The relations of indefinites, or of infinities, to each other are frequently finite and perfectly intelligible to our human understanding. But we can never comprehend them by a direct investigation of the infinities or indefinites themselves. The only fruitful method of research is to discover, if we can, the finities which, by indefinite increase, might grow to the infinities in question; and to investigate the relations of those finities, and the rate at which the relations are modified as the finities are indefinitely enlarged. We may thus in many cases form a safe induction concerning the relations of the infinities. By the other method of attempting a deduction *from* the infinite, we shall seldom hit the truth, and then only by accident; as is shown by the error of both Pagan and Christian philosophers from the earliest times even to our own.

MANY persons sigh for death when it seems afar off, but the inclination vanishes when the boat upsets, or the locomotive runs off the track, or the measles set in. A wise physician once said to me, "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven, but I observe that most people are willing to take a great deal of very disagreeable medicine first." — *T. W. Higginson.*

A MOHAMMEDAN UPON MOHAMMED-ANISM.*

BY JAMES T. BIXBY.

It is very interesting to have a presentation of Mohammedanism by one of its own disciples. When occasionally we see how our own religion gets distorted and belittled when viewed through the spectacles of some foreign religion or an Oriental education, it strongly suggests to us that perhaps these heathen religions, as we call them, might look very differently from an inside view; that perhaps their own followers might be able to make pretty nearly as clear a defense and as good a presentation of them—one as satisfactory, at least, to themselves—as we do of ours. At any rate, might it not be well, always, if we can, to hear what they have to say for themselves before pronouncing final judgment against them?

We are, therefore, very glad to have these essays upon Mohammed and Mohammedanism by one so well qualified to speak in regard to them as the author of "The Mohammedan Commentary upon the Holy Bible."

This first volume contains Essays upon the Historical Geography of Arabia; on the Manners and Customs of the Pre-Islamic Arabians; on the Various Religions of Arabia; on the Question whether Islam has been beneficial or injurious to the World; on the Mohammedan Traditions; the Holy Koran; the History of the Holy Mecca; the Pedigree of Mohammed; the Prophecies respecting Mohammed in the Bible; the Birth and Childhood of Mohammed, and certain fables commonly related of him.

Of course, the religion of Islam, he claims, is the true religion. But he rests the claim, not as one would suppose, on

* A series of Essays upon the Life of Mohammed and Subjects subsidiary thereto, by Syed Ahmed Khan Bahador, C. S. I. Vol. I. London: Trubner & Co. 1870.

the fact that it was a revelation from God, but on its conformity to the conditions of truth. Mohammed, he maintains, was inspired by God to write the Koran; but still, that which is the test of a true religion is its conformity to Nature, the harmony of its chief principles with the laws God has embodied in the world; and this test, he asserts, Islam meets. He acknowledges that Sabeanism, Judaism and Christianity flourished in Arabia at the time when Islam originated, and that Islam derived many precepts, doctrines and rules from these religions. But this resemblance of the principles and doctrines of Islam to those of other revealed religions is, he maintains, "the greatest proof of its being divine and inspired. All things that proceed from one Infinite Perfection must be of one nature and perfect of their kind." "Mussulmans should ever remain grateful to Mohammed, who confirmed the true mission of all the prophets from the creation of the world up to his time, *who brought all the revealed religions of the earth to perfection*, and who threw open to his faithful followers the everlasting gates of eternal and ineffable light." In another place, also, our author distinctly states that Islamism is "nothing more nor less than a *perfect combination* of the revealed principles, dogmas, and doctrines of the Sabeian religion completed and brought to their entire perfection; of the religion of Abraham and other Arabian prophets completed and perfected; of Judaism in their complete and perfect form; and of the principle of the unity of God, and those of morality originally inculcated and promulgated by Jesus Christ."

It is, indeed, a very noticeable thing to see the very latest argument brought up by Christians for the truth and authority of Christianity (see, for example, Dr. J. F. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions") here presented by a Mohammedan for the truth of Islamism.

With the various European writers upon Islam and Mohammed, he is very little satisfied. Gibbon, Godfrey Higgins, Thomas Carlyle, and John Davenport are the only ones whom he considers to have taken a correct view of those subjects. The various biographies of Mohammed he espe-

cially condemns as wanting in dispassionate research and investigation.

The best of them, the one executed in the most learned and masterly style, is that of Sir William Muir; but even this, says our author, is injured by the too willing admission of puerile and unfounded traditions, and by the straining, twisting and distortion of the simplest and plainest facts to make them exponents of his prepossessions and prejudices. Even the Oriental biographies of Mohammed, Syed Ahmed declares, are but masses of "undigested and confused materials, in which are mixed up together genuine and authentic traditions with spurious, puerile and very weak ones." It was the design of collecting into a systematic form, after critical examination, all those traditions concerning the life of Mohammed which are considered by Mohammedan divines as trustworthy, which (although he was prevented from accomplishing it) gave rise to these essays. Syed Ahmed is decidedly what we should call a rationalist in his views of the traditions of his faith. He declares that many of the current traditions are of very little worth, — of these, a few are nothing but inventions or fabrications, — most, however, have been corrupted by one or another natural cause, not at all impugning the character of their authors. All traditions considered as genuine by Mahommedans, he says, "must indispensably possess the following characters: the narrator must have plainly and distinctly mentioned that such and such a thing was said or done by the Prophet; the chain of narrators from the last link up to the Prophet must be unbroken; the subject related must have come under the ken of its first narrators; every one of the narrators, from the last up to the Prophet, must have been persons conspicuous for their piety, virtue, and honesty; every one of the narrators must have been conspicuous for his learning; the import of the hadees (tradition) must not be contrary to the behests and injunctions contained in the Koran, or to the religious doctrines deduced from that sacred book, or to the hadeeses (traditions) proved correct; and the nature of the import of the hadees must not be such as persons might hesitate in accepting."

These are very strict tests indeed ; and Syed Ahmed, in accordance with them, denies as deserving credit, or as accepted by intelligent Mohammedans, the absurd or extravagant stories about Mohammed, e.g., the extraction from his heart by angels of the black drop of sin, the night journey to Jerusalem and to heaven, the fables about his childhood, and so forth, on account of which many Christian writers have vented such bitter sarcasms against the Prophet.

One of the most curious parts of the book is the essay upon the Prophecies of Mohammed in the Bible. That such prophecies exist is the claim of the Koran, and the implicit belief of all pious Mohammedans. Our author produces some very striking passages from both the Old and New Testaments in support of it. For example : "I will raise up a prophet from among their (the Israelites) brethren like unto thee (Moses) (Deut. xiii. 18). Now the brethren of Israel must be the Ishmaelites, especially, as in Deut. xxxiv. 10, it says, "There arose not a prophet since in *Israel like unto Moses*."

In Deut. xxxiii. 2, and Heb. iii. 30, it is said that the Lord "shined forth from Mount Paran ;" "the Holy One came forth from Mount Paran." Now Mount Paran is clearly the mountain of Mecca, says our author.

Solomon's Song, chapter v. 10-16, contains a poetical description of the Prophet, and finally mentions him by name in the word pronounced "Mohammedini," translated in our common version, "lovely." The true translation would be, "the praised." "The desire" ("Hahmed") of all nations, spoken of in Hag. ii. 7, is again simply the name of the Prophet.

When Isaiah speaks (xxi. 7) of two riders, — a rider upon an ass and a rider upon a camel, — he evidently refers, by the first, to Jesus Christ, and by the second to Mohammed.

Finally, the prediction of the Paraclete by Christ, in the fourteenth and sixteenth chapters of John, also, is a prediction of their Prophet, the Mohammedans claim. The word *παράκλητος*, commonly translated "Comforter," was not, they assert, the word uttered by Christ, but *περικλitos*, meaning

praised, or *illustrious*, which translated into Arabic gives the name "Mohammed." This reading is supported by Jerome's rendering in the Latin Vulgate, viz., Paraclitus, instead of Paracletus, and by the reading of the Gospel of Barnabas, *περικλυτος*. These proofs will certainly compare well with many commonly adduced from the Old Testament by Christian writers as prophecies of Jesus Christ.

In regard to any religion or institution, the most important question is always, What has been its influence upon human society? Our author has a special essay upon this subject, and makes quite a full defense of Islam. Eminent Christian writers have had to admit that Islam banished idolatry, put an end to infanticide, established the doctrine of the unity of God and his special providence, and required of all its followers absolute surrender to the Divine Will. Games of chance, cruelty to animals, and intoxicating drinks are prohibited, and Mohammedanism may boast of a degree of temperance unknown in any other creed. The first revivers of philosophy and science after the fall of the Roman Empire, the links as they have been termed, between ancient and modern literature, were, undoubtedly, the Saracens of Asia and the Moors of Spain under the Abasside and Ommiade caliphs.

In regard to the common charges against Islam, of maintaining polygamy, divorce and slavery, and of propagating its faith by the sword and crushing out freedom of judgment, able and thorough replies are made, the gist of which is as follows:—

Polygamy is not recommended by Islam, but only allowed as a privilege to those who, for physical reasons, may stand in need of it; and it is nowhere prohibited in Judaism or Christianity, but was practiced by patriarchs, and has been defended by modern Christian writers, — as Godfrey Higgins, and John Milton.

Divorce is only allowed by Mohammed when, if not taken advantage of, society would suffer still more than it did, and he condemned strongly those who demanded divorce without strong and unavoidable necessity.

Slavery was not prohibited absolutely and entirely by Mohammed, but neither was it by Christ or the Apostles. But it was very much mitigated. All Mohammedans were declared brothers, and never to be held in slavery. Whenever a slave becomes a believer he is free. Only those are made slaves who are captured in war, and then only from the benevolent motive of saving their lives. In the sale of slaves, the mother was, on no account, to be separated from her children; and "all persons in your possession," says an ordinance of Islam, "are your brothers, both of you being of one human race; therefore treat them with kindness, feed them and clothe them in the same manner as you do yourselves." This ordinance produced such an effect upon the minds of the people that all persons in former times clothed their slaves with the same cloth which they themselves wore, allowed them to sit along with themselves at the same table, and when on a journey to ride on the same camel, by turns. In his splendid caliphate, Omar used to lead, in the burning sands, the camel mounted by his slave when it was his turn to ride, and Fatimah, the Prophet's daughter, used to sit with her female slaves and grind wheat together, so that the labor and trouble might fall equally on both.

Certainly, both the Christian slave owners amongst us, till very recently, and even masters and mistresses at the present time, in their treatment of their servants might well, in this, learn a lesson from Islam.

Finally, as to the charge of crushing out freedom of inquiry and belief, our author declares that Islam inculcates and demands a hearty and sincere belief in all that it teaches. All the Mohammedan traditions are open to the free judgment and investigation of every one. So far from the sword being the inevitable penalty for the denial of Islam, the Koran (x. 48) declares, "Let there be no forcing in religion, the right way has been clearly distinguished from the wrong." Appeal is made to the sword only in infidel countries in order to establish the superiority of the Moslem power and to insure security and tranquillity for such Mohammedans as might

choose to preach the wholesome doctrine of their faith. As soon as this security to the Moslems to worship God in their own way was secured, the sword was sheathed. No inquisition ever existed among them ; no one was ever burnt at the stake for his religious opinions. The author admits, however, that some of the later Mohammedan conquerors were guilty of cruelty and intolerance, but he maintains that the doctrines of Islam ought not to be judged from them. Especially does he retort upon Christians, with tremendous force, the long catalogue of persecutions for heresy and theological differences which stain the annals of Christendom.

This defense reads very well, indeed ; but when we turn to early Mohammedan history and find that the prophet himself, on one occasion, expressly ordered the assassination of an aged Jew who had written against him ; when we find that on another occasion he deliberately executed seven or eight hundred Jewish prisoners who had surrendered at discretion, ordered their wives and children to be sold into slavery, and selected one of the women, more beautiful than the rest, for his own concubine ; when we find that he finally added one after another wife to his harem till he had ten wives besides his slaves, — when we find recorded by contemporary Moslem writers such awkward facts as these, we are persuaded that Islam is not quite so immaculate as it seems. Whatever Mohammedanism may be in theory, certainly in practice (according to the testimony of all the best observers), the *worst Christian* government is better than the *best Mohammedan* government ; for everywhere we have arbitrary will instead of law. Islam has brought decay into the state, and lowered society. Its virtues are hard and cold. It makes life barren and empty. It encourages indolence, luxury and cruelty. It makes men tyrants or slaves, women puppets, religion the submission to arbitrary omnipotence. Nevertheless we are glad to hear what its followers have to say in defense of it, and we welcome the removal of any illusion or misconceptions into which we may have fallen in regard to it.

ESSENTIAL CHRISTIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

THIS is an age of intense mental activity. Thought is as restless as the sun. Questions of state and church are taken up and discussed with a mercilessness they never received before: and if anything thought to be good is found, it is retained; but what is regarded as bad or useless, it is ruthlessly cast away. The mind of man seeks to search all things, even the deep things of God. Nothing is too sacred or venerable to escape the closest scrutiny of its withering touch. The systems of faith are being examined by the light of science, reason, and Scripture, with a severity of criticism they never received, to find if they have any solid bases to rest upon, and to learn the exact order of the materials out of which they are made: and, if they are found to be nothing but traditions or dreams, and not substantial verities, then let them depart; for the world will lose nothing by their exit. In this state of suspense, when the good ship of faith seems to have slipped her moorings and parted her anchorage, and to be drifting on the uncertain sea of vicious speculation, without compass or rudder, intelligent, thoughtful minds of every hue and shade of belief often ask, with sincerest earnestness, if there are any definite and well-determined tests or confessions by which a Christian may be known, and, if so, what are they?

We can state them in no better or fewer words than those used by the beloved disciple when he wrote to the early Christians: "This is God's commandment, that we believe in the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment." Two distinct principles are here stated, or tests presented: the one, doctrine; the other, duty—or, faith and life: faith the warp, life the woof, which when woven together make up the entire web of the Christian's life. Not the warp only, nor the woof, but both united

and interlaced, are essential to the formation of the grand fabric.

But faith always implies its object, as an invention does an inventor. The one is the necessary consequence of the other; as the finest steel is the direct but distant product of the coarsest ore. If this reasoning be correct, then must this also be: that as there are Christians, so there must have been, somewhere in the previous ages, a person who was called the Christ; for it is not in the nature of men to believe that such a revolution as history has shown that he has wrought could have been the work of a fictitious personage, or mere ideal being. No power could have done this but an intensely real and positive, and I am free to say, divine life. This was the power that moved and elevated and gave a new moral orbit to the world. And its force is not spent, but puts itself forth with increased vigor and energy, and will continue to do so, till the sublime prayer of our Lord is realized in the establishment of God's kingdom on the earth, and the doing of his will here as it is done in heaven.

To believe in Christ's distinct personality with that singleness of purpose that will conduce to inward conformity of spirit and outward conformity of life to this pure spirit and blessed life is to be a Christian. But to take that higher view which looks upon him as the Son of God as well as the Son of man, that his word is the highest rule of faith and practice, that receives him as Lord and Master, is to have that perfectness of faith which gradually will transform our human lives into the likeness of his divine life. and, having his spirit, we shall experience the blessedness of heaven even while we are upon the earth. Just, then, as we receive the truth of the divine Sonship of Jesus Christ and make his will our ruling principle day by day and hour by hour in all the interests and affairs of daily life, may we know, as it will be known by all others, that we are his real disciples; for we shall not only worship the Father in spirit and truth, as he worshiped him, but shall love one another as he loves us.

This is a plain and practical test, level to the comprehension

even of a child ; yet it is one not generally recognized by the predominant sects. They base acceptance and communion chiefly on forms, modes, rites, belief or doctrine. Christ bases them principally on love, which is but another name for life ; for though they may have assumed two distinct bolls with their many branches and thick foliage, both grow from the same root. A true disciple, then, has not only a living faith in the divine sonship of Christ, but he shows its practical power by disinterested love, a life of practical goodness, known of all. This is not a human invention or ecclesiastical dogma : it is a divine precept based on the eternal constitution of the soul, to fit it for all the blessed services of this life, and adapt it to all the glorious realities of the life to come.

But what is faith ? It is that complete conviction of the integrity of an object or person, which impells us consciously to confide implicitly in him, to the utter dismissal of all doubt and distrust. This intuitive power of perceiving the exact moral order of the character, and of resting satisfied with the correctness of our impression, is not so much an act of judgment as it is of the apprehension of those finer senses of the soul, which instantly detects the true moral quality of an object, as the clear lake mirrors every tree, shrub, and plant that grows upon its receding bank.

Blind then we are not even to things invisible, though destitute of natural sight. Other avenues we have to the soul than those which open through the senses. Spiritual vision we have of such crystal clearness, that we can see the attenuated forms of living spirits, and know that we are in their immediate presence, if not that of the Infinite Parent Spirit, though we wake or though we sleep. We are not like children lost in the darkness, crying for their parents or for a light, not knowing where they are nor whence it is to come ; but we are like the Israelites on their way out of the land of bondage, who had a pillow of cloud by day and a pillow of fire by night to lead and guide them ; for we have the light of reason, consciousness, and faith to illumine our devious

pathway of life, which, if we will follow, will not guide us amiss.

The Sun of Righteousness beams upon us out of his own clear heaven to light us on in our darksome way of duty, and the glowing candle of the Lord is within us at all times, and sends its steady rays afar to reveal to us the path of life.

At least it is so with the real Christian. Though with his natural eye he cannot perceive the form or feature of the Infinite Presence and Love, there is within him an organ of vision, so delicate, so sensitive and keen-sighted that he can discern the faintest shadow of the Almighty as he passes before him in his variable providences, and can detect the softest breathing of his holy spirit, as it sweeps in refreshing gales across the face of his soul, with the distinctness with which the astronomer can detect, with his telescope, the slightest ripple on the wave of sidereal light as it floats athwart the disk of the sensitive lens, and can determine its precise quality with the accuracy with which he can calculate the time of an eclipse.

And this intuitive perception of truth is the necessary result of the livingness of the Christian faith. This is one of his peculiar characteristics. By it he is known, and knows that he is a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ; for he walks by the faith, lives by it, nay, it is his way of life, and breath, and peace and inspiration; so that it is no more he who lives and does the many blessed works of beneficence, but it is Christ who lives in him, loves him, and has given himself for him, to redeem unto himself a soul that shall be zealous for good works.

Move where he will, do what he can, go where he may, he does not feel that he is alone; but that there is with him a blessed Spirit whose divine personality meets him on every side to help his infirmity, and to guide him in the way of everlasting truth, rest, and blessedness. It is this faith in the personality of Christ, and that his word is the absolute rule of life, that purifies the heart and disposes it to work the works of love.

SELECTIONS FROM BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

Two travelers stood by the hedge that surrounded a graveyard, and the younger of them said, with a sad countenance and a deep sigh, "Who can tell what life is covered up in these graves, how many moulder here whose existence has failed of accomplishing that for which their powers fitted them? Yonder are the bones of some day laborer, who, perhaps, might have been a beneficent ruler; yonder, another who might have been a thinker, a poet, an artist, an inventor, a general, if destiny had not circumscribed their opportunities, if their lot had not been hemmed in, so that they never became aware what they were destined to become."

"What they were destined to become! I join issue with you here," replied the elder; "and I tell you that your remark is utterly godless. The lamentation over what is called wasted or smothered greatness is nonsense. Every one becomes in the world what he had the real power to become; if he is turned aside by obstacles and distractions, he did not have the power which he persuaded himself he had, or which others attributed to him. There is no smothered power in the world; if it be stifled, then it was no real force. Were it otherwise, the world, the fate of nations and individuals, would be a mere juggle. The well-founded belief in the wisdom and righteousness of the universal order is one with the belief of the unconquerable power of the human will, and of its independence, in the last analysis, of external conditions. The ability of perfecting one's self through honest labor is wanting in no condition in life. External relations may change the object in which a human being finds happiness and satisfaction, but the inward content, happiness in itself, is not thereby changed. So far you are right, that the external coverings of great spirits may be buried here; but does greatness consist only in the extent and width of the sphere

wherein one rules with his thoughts and his acts? The spirit, the inner soul of what a man does, is the real thing, not the extent of his sphere of operation, or the number of persons to whom it reaches. That which makes the genuine and actual worth of a human being is everywhere the same. To all is a like opportunity given to show themselves brave and righteous, serviceable and helpful towards others; and this is the highest a man can do, whether as statesman and scholar, or as plowman and mechanic. He accomplishes the highest end who strives, in whatever calling, in whatever relations he is, to fill them out truthfully, thoughtfully, diligently, and lovingly. Better than this no one can do. All longing after activity in some different sphere is stilled when one thinks that he thereby changes the place of manifestation, but not at all the inner quality, which is everywhere the same. Here all jealousy and all restless longing cease. The same virtues may be unfolded, in the smaller sphere of household existence, that make the statesman's real greatness. Others may have had the qualifications to have become artists, teachers, inventors, leaders, thinkers, and they have manifested these powers in the sphere in which they lived, and their spirit has animated others to whom they have given impulse and incitement; and we can be certain that this spirit will live and act, and will accomplish its perfect work in some fitting environment, and conduce to the common good. That is a wise and deep saying of the Apostle, 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all.'

"And a good proverb says that he is not poor who has little, but he who desires much! Even had these persons been solitary hermits, and never manifested in the sphere of actual life their internal powers, they would have possessed them themselves, and this would have been a filling out of their destiny. Thousands of flowers bloom in the hidden depths of pathless forests, and no eye sees them; thousands of fruits ripen which no one eats: but that the blossom became fruits,—

this the fulfillment of their natural destiny. And nature is so rich that it is not all visible to our eyes, and cannot be grasped by our hands and spent for our uses. But to think that anything in the world has failed of its destiny, through some casual or chance relations, is the most godless of all imaginable thoughts."

The younger man pressed silently the other's hand, and they walked together from the place consoled and strengthened.

CONSOLATION IN MISFORTUNE.

If a severe misfortune befalls you ; if some dearly beloved one dies, or anything causes you deep affliction and pain, and you are deeply cast down and cannot tell where you can look for help, your friends then come and say to you, See this one or that one, who has suffered the same misfortune that you have, or even been more severely tried ! or your own view leads you to think that other people also have all sorts of tribulations, and losses, and you find consolation and support in this thought.

Now, I ask, Is human nature so depraved that we find consolation in perceiving that we are not the only unhappy ones, but that others are unhappy too ? Is there such a devil of envy in the human soul that we are rejoiced when others are wretched besides ourselves ?

The answer is this : When we are visited by severe misfortune, we think in the first moments of terrible suffering that we can never again arrive at rest and peace, that we must be utterly cast down, and we are almost in despair. We do not believe that we can ever be again joyous and happy. Then we regard the sad and mournful experiences of other people, and we say to ourselves, though perhaps not in so many words : Such and such persons have undergone the same or even worse losses and misfortunes, and they have endured them, and therefore you can. We gain confidence in our own strength and the faith that suffices for our need.

When, therefore, we turn from our own to consider other people's troubles, we are far from taking delight in their mis-

ery. And so, do not repel the consolation to be derived from seeing that others have been unhappy, when thou thyself art wretched.

A SPECTRE.

I know very well that you do not believe in ghosts any more than I do. But there is one ghost that I have often seen among people who sit on hard benches and on soft cushions. I have seen it by bright daylight, by the solitary oil lamp, and by the bright gleaming of a hundred wax candles. You know the story, that, if any one has been murdered, his spirit walks around as a ghost. Many people kill Time by doing nothing, or something worse than nothing, and then comes the ghost of murdered time, *Ennui*, and sits astride the shoulders of the murderers wherever they are: it makes no noise, it only makes one yawn. If you would drive the spectre away, you must be doing or thinking something good.

LIFE AND DEATH.

How many thousands live and do not know that they are alive! Never does the breast heave with the thought, that they are here in the midst of a creating, inspiring, eternally moving All, that they are a bloom on the tree of humanity, a note in the harmony of the world, where blossom and sound say, I am.

How many thousands die, and do not know that they are dead! Their breasts never thrill with the thought that they are to depart from this creating, inspiring, eternally moving All, into a mysterious beyond, that the blossom falls from the tree of humanity and the note ceases to sound, and falling blossom and dying echo say, I die.

He who has ever felt the thought of death thrill his whole soul and penetrate his inmost marrow, and has then collected again his energies, and held firmly by his eternal human spirit in the transitoriness of earthly existence,—he alone lives, he is born anew.

That melancholy and austere Spanish king, who separated

himself from all the toys of earth, laid aside the splendors of royalty, and gave up, for a time, his life in the world, that he might hear the clods fall over him which should at some time cover his head, and let himself be buried alive for a while, and then returned from the grave, and passed the remaining short span of time in pious contemplation — what was his object other than through these external means to be thrilled through and through by this feeling of death, that he might comprehend more perfectly the meaning of that life which was to be further meted out to him here below?

But we do not need these external means. In the spirit it is that we are to die and to rise again. And this is the unconquerable, delivering energy which we derive from the life and death of noble men who have joyfully lived and joyfully gone to their death for some grand thought, that we live and suffer with them, feel that we die with them, and then realize the eternal life whose beginning we know, and whose continuance we believe in. He who loses his life gains it. He who has once given up his life, released from this world, and looked upon death, — he is saved and lives, lives eternally. Who will harm thee with vain illusions or with violent threats? Thou hast thrown down all the superstructure of thine own life and built it up again, and thou art born anew, and art free. Thou hast not thrown away thy life from a contempt of earthly existence, and to bend thy neck in spiritless dejection to unknown powers; thou hast attained life afresh in its everlasting beauty, as a holy and free possession in spite of all tyrannous edicts and unholy powers. Thou hast died, and thou livest again, joyous and free.

Be faithful. Learn that all your work is done for God. Slight nothing. Have the same evidence of your salvation that the little servant girl had, who, when asked how she knew she was converted, said, "*Because I sweep under the mats.*" — *S. S. Workman.*

THE PURIFYING BY FIRE.

THE process, continually going on, by which all else is eliminated and the true and the good purified and confirmed, is often spoken of as a fire which tries and purifies. There is a result wrought out which demonstrates the reality and immanent force of the just, the pure, and the divine. The ordinances of the universe are from everlasting to everlasting, and finally assert themselves over all serving, all pretense, and unreality, over all lies and superficial attempts to en-throne wrong and evil in the life of the individual and the world. The Bible is full of these assertions in general statements, and in particular facts in the history of persons and in the broader sphere of national events. It asserts continually the principles of righteousness; of fidelity to divine laws; of obedience to commands which express the nature of the divine attributes; an unsleeping, ever-active power of love and wisdom that manifests itself in overturnings, in judgments, in consuming potencies which no cunning can elude and no strength resist. In this sense it is said that God is a consuming fire; that the fan is in the hand of the winnower to blow away all the chaff; that the knife is in the grasp of one who shall prune away every dead limb and every parasitic growth; that the great harvester shall gather the wheat and burn up the tares; that the refiner sits at the refining crucible, and the washer shall purify with the fuller's soap, until the genuine metal shall gleam free of all base alloy, and the cloth shall be cleansed from all defilement.

We do not see this process because we are blinded by custom, dazzled by the external forms of things, and swept along in our own atmosphere of passion, fear, preoccupied feeling and thought. Our horizon is limited by the narrow range of days and years, and cannot take in the vast sweep of the ages and eternities in which God lives as an eternal now, — with whom there is only the proceeding faith of everlasting rectitude and love. We live in the element of time, and in it

must necessarily be the successive appearances manifesting themselves wherein are embodied the hay, the dross and stubble that confront our gaze and often fill up the whole sphere of our vision. Because we see the huge heap seemingly undisturbed to-day, and to-morrow we lose out of sight those divine principles which are at work silently and irresistibly, to undermine the evil, to uproot the noxious, to overthrow the baseless, to consume the perishable, and sweep away the useless and bury the dead.

It is the unapproached glory of the life of Jesus that it was based upon the eternally true, real, and divine. It is the embodiment of spiritual laws, and so overleaps all ages and all times. However doubtful it might look to others, the life object of Jesus was plain to him. Others might look at the outward failure, but he looked at the real success. He had been faithful to the revelation of the Father's will, and had borne witness to the eternal truth. The narrow views, the selfish expedients, the exclusive religionism of his time, were put away, and he was willing to die, if death were appointed, in fidelity to the spiritual truth, so real to him, of God as the Father of all. He did not enact a part all clear before him, but won his way through temptations, struggles, doubts, and fears, as we may learn from the statements of his times of conflict, of earnest prayer, and terrible agony. It was a *real* life, wherein the deepest spiritual laws were brought out in actual development upon the earthly plane, and the Divine Spirit found for itself expression in human conditions and states. It seemed to have no definite result, as men look at results, but to Jesus himself it was sufficient that from moment to moment he bore witness to the truth. That truth was no formula to be expressed in words as we too often think, a something which can be grasped once for all, but it was a living fidelity to the highest inspirations and the purest and most universal loves. Each day and each hour brought its own word and work, but the whole culminated in that one last endurance, that final patience, that resolute fidelity, and interior resignedness to the Divine Will.

So in a humbler form does many a man's long discipline

and state require one crowning act of fidelity in which are gathered and summed up all past victories and faiths; and he feels that this is, as it were, the end and object of all. But no man ever proves faithful here who has not been faithful before. Each day brings its own testimony, its own work, and its own call.

We often ask what is the object for which we are to live, and we know well when we discern the laws of goodness and truth that are at the foundation of all the manifold appearances of this earthly existence. If we set before us any definite outward results as the life object, we shall inevitably be disappointed, and feel that life is but an illusion. Every life, even the humblest, is based upon a relation to everlasting principles of truth and goodness, which must have recognition and sway, if there is to be any accomplishment of the two purposes of our being. These principles manifest themselves under some form to all, and only he knows wherefore he lives who is faithful to them.

Because he was so entirely true here, Jesus was true to the world. He knew that the Father was with him, and to do his will, whatever that might be, he felt was the duty and glory of his life. When the last hours came near that was still his work. The vision of a harvest ready for the reaper's sickle had faded from his sight. The sight of thousands pressing into the kingdom no longer greeted his eye, and even his few chosen ones forsook him and fled tremblingly away. But he was still composed and reliant. His work was the same as ever. The everlasting truth shed its brightness in upon his spirit, and it was for him to be faithful then, as ever, to that which it required.

This persistent living in realities of spiritual truth may be, and ought to be, the grand end of every human soul. There is truth to be lived up to and embodied in all the relations and doings of life. Some spiritual fidelity may be manifested in each thought and act. He who proposes this as the chief object of his existence can never fail of extracting good from each experience, and of preserving a courageous heart in each crisis of trial and disappointment and seeming loss. The

desolate spirit is comforted, and the weary gains new strength. He who feels that his life may be the unfolding and development of everlasting and divine truth has an object that will content every ambition and fill out every desire.

There is one word, which, were it not abused and encrusted by the technicalities of a formal theology and a conventional religionism, would best express the process that is going on in every aspiring and truth-seeking person, — the word "regeneration." In it is embodied the removal from low and earthly estimates, the dawning upon the soul of higher ideals, the birth into purer and nobler states, the rising into loftier mounts of vision, the enkindling of holier affections, and the transition from deceiving shows of sensuous allurements into the enduring realities of the spiritual kingdom. It is to become more and more freed from all which the pure principle of universal love, truth and righteousness rejects and condemns.

The question for each one to ask is, what there is in his thought, doing, feeling and purpose which cannot abide the searching and purifying fire of the everlasting and ever-acting laws of truth and love. What is there, not merely opposed to what is right and good, but what is there that takes hold of the eternal and gives fellowship with the divine and imperishable? What is there which will abide the passing away of youthful strength and bloom, the sad accumulation of earthly woes and disappointed hopes? What is there which looks beyond the frivolous and casual enjoyments of the fleeting hours, the excitements of pleasure, of ambition, of business, or even the charms of natural relationships, and innocent, social satisfactions and joys? There is a fire to try every man's work, and only that shall remain which is the pure gold of truth and love.

It sounds like extravagant enthusiasm to him who has never recognized the reality of the spiritual life, but it is the statement of a real fact in the process of regenerative experience, when a French nobleman says, "I felt to what a state of nothingness the soul must be brought, I beheld myself as if encompassed with whatsoever the world loves and pur-

poses ; but there was a hand removing all this from me, and throwing it into the ocean of annihilation. I saw removed, first of all, exterior things, as kingdoms, offices, gold, pleasures, which are encumbrances to the true life of the soul, — that it must be stripped in order that it may arrive at the point which will bring it into the possession of solid riches and eternal life."

Noble, indeed, is this human life in its humblest shape, when it is seen clearly to be the inlet of a life which is not of time or dependent on it ; when its varying moods may subserve the purposes of an unchanging love ; and its hurrying appearances all merge in a stable and abiding form of reality. He who thinks that the outward in some more dazzling manifestation or in some greater quantity shall give him the happiness he craves must expect to feel the fire which successively burns into the combustible materials of his frail, earthly edifices, — that consumes the wood, hay and stubble of foolish hopes, frivolous joys, sham experiences and sensuous semblances of good ; for who is there that is a son whom the Father does not chasten ? **

THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where Time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face, —
Along with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.
And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave ;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday, —
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where Time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'r it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

— *London Spectator.*

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

A SERMON.

[WE have been permitted to read a very beautiful sermon with this title, preached in the Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, by Rev. Charles Beard, B.A. It was "printed for private circulation," and undoubtedly in a private circle had a peculiar meaning and impressiveness from their knowledge of the modest and beautiful life which had caused it to be written. But its own merits seem to us to ask for it a wider influence, and we trust that we are doing violence to no one's sense of propriety when we enrich our columns by reprinting it here for the benefit of our readers.

It is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Green Gair, a lady whose early youth was spent here in Boston, and her maturer life in England. — ED.]

He leadeth me beside the still waters. — PSALM XXIII. 2.

There has been a period of geological speculation, at which all the changes which have taken place upon the earth's surface, and have left their unmistakable marks in countless relics of animal and vegetable life, were attributed to the action of sudden and violent forces, of which, to-day, earthquake and tempest and volcano are only the feeble and transitory types. Those changes have manifestly been so great and so universal, as to stand out in vivid contrast to the imperceptibly slow, the gently gradual processes, which are all that we are now able to watch and to record: surely we can attribute them only to causes as exceptional as themselves. We see Niagara cutting its backward way through the ravine, so many feet in a thousand years; the lava stream descends the mountain-side like a black and burning glacier, and destruction too plainly marks its path; a storm bursts upon the hills, and for long miles the valleys are choked with barren mud, the bridges scattered in ruin through the stream, the cheerful husbandry of men laid hopelessly waste. But we cannot watch the slow upheaval of a long line of coast, where the fisherman hardly knows at the end of a lifetime

whether the sea has drawn back or his own landmarks have been moved ; we are all unable to note how new continents are now being formed in the ocean's stillest depths, from whose hardened and uplifted strata future ages may dig out the relics of so much that has been dear and precious to us ; we fail to notice how every running stream, from the tiniest mountain rill to muddy Po and fertilizing Nile, is perpetually at work to carry down the hills into the plains, and to change the world's familiar face. But so it is, and so, we have some right to conclude, it has been always. God's chosen ways of working in the physical world are not wholly of the sudden and violent sort. Storm and earthquake and flood have undoubtedly played their part ; but not more than — perhaps hardly as much as — the perpetually dropping rain, the wind that seems to blow as it listeth, the tides that come and go and no man heeds them, the sun that shines upon barren rock and fertile meadow with serene impartiality of blessing. God seems to work, by preference, slowly and in silence. To him a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and the dial on which his operations are recorded takes no note of human thoughts and expectations.

The same is true, I think, in the moral world. It is indeed difficult to over-estimate the force of a great soul ; though it is needful to remark that not all great souls work in the full light of publicity and have their path marked by revolution, and equally needful to remember that not all dislocating and disturbing spirits put forth any true claim to greatness. We are far too apt to confound the occasions with the causes of any great change, and to forget that if fire do indeed come out of a noble heart, it can only kindle other hearts that are already prepared to burn. Many souls were hot with Luther's indignation, before he burned the Bull in the market-place of Wittenberg ; many spirits had inwardly rebelled against the deadness of the age, before Wesley told the Gospel tale to the colliers of Kingswood. One indeed speaks what the many feel ; to him has been given a clearer insight, a diviner ardor, a more articulate speech ; but his word is with power because of the dumb aspirations stirring in many breasts,

and an universal emotion which has not yet found fit expression. And this is even more the case with regard to moral operations of a quieter and less signal, though hardly less important kind ; forces which do not so much suddenly change the world, as keep it (in some poor and imperfect way) sweet and pure, and perhaps, in the course of ages, urge it a little nearer the throne of God. Is the faith of Christendom sustained from generation to generation by the succession of heroes and saints, to whose achievements all men look up with despairing admiration, and in whose acknowledged and recorded excellence they see the full embodiment of their own desire, or by the thousand nameless fidelities to duty, and obscure victories of self-devotion, and hidden glories of purity, that pass away without celebration ? If you, my brethren, have any stoutness of heart to resist mean temptation, if you are conscious of any uplifting of desire towards better and more stable things than form the common stuff of life, if any quiet trust in God sustains you amid the world's chance and change, to what do you owe them ? In the last resort, doubtless, to God himself, and to God working through Christ ; but immediately, and in a large measure, to hidden forces, unseen influences, which you perhaps can track only in part, but of which others know nothing. A father's integrity — a mother's sweet goodness — the quiet air of a happy home — a domestic courage and patience, at which you have looked very closely, and whose every line and lineament you know — some ancestral saintliness, which is a household tradition and no more, but which has never withered in the fierce light of public estimate, — these things have inspired and nourished your nobler part. They are the refreshing dew and the fertilizing rain, the restful night and the kindling day, of God's moral world. We grow up with them, and hardly know them for his activity ; they are among the necessary conditions of our existence ; and when we seek for tokens of him, it is rather in the crises and catastrophes of life — in the sharp wound that pricks a sleeping conscience, in the call of duty which turns the whole current of our energy, in the sorrow which destroys forever our trust in the

world. But he has been with us all the while in the gentler motions of his will.

Sometimes, I am inclined to think, we insist too much on our own estimate of small and great in the moral world, forgetting that any single fact or individual life is but one link in an endless chain of causes and consequences, of which we ought to know the whole before we can rightly estimate a part. And looking back where some light seems to rest upon our own or others' history, it is easy to see how what we should call great and signal, stands next in the line of causation to what seems (but only seems) to be trivial, and is certainly obscure. Let us take the most remarkable instance of all,—the Christ, whom no skepticism can dethrone from the foremost place in human history,—who, whatever else he was, must be admitted even by unbelief to have set his mark upon mankind more deeply than any other son of men. Yet how he emerges upon the world out of secrecy and silence! Whatever bright cloud of hope and prophecy had formerly floated about his cradle, has long been scattered and forgotten; and he comes, from his Galilean hills, one of the simple folk who earned their bread in the sweat of their brow, unlearned save in the ancestral wisdom of his people, unheralded but by the village estimate of a sweet and innocent life, to finish the work of a long line of prophets, and to lift humanity nearer to God. And we are often so eager to prove the singularity of his mission, and to take him out of the category of other workers for God, as to miss the great lesson which is to be learned of the way in which the Father always trains and educates a faithful and victorious Son. Of his mother, who knows anything, save what the few hints and statements of the Evangelists disclose? A superstition, not without its tender and graceful side, has taken her from her cottage home at Nazareth, and crowned her Queen of Heaven; till all the familiar extravagances of mythology have obliterated even from men's imagination the lines of a sweet and strong human character. And yet what a marvelous woman must have been this unknown mother of Christ! What depth of tenderness, what steadiness of judgment, what a

majestic and yet winning purity, what a faculty of self-devotion (not yet too hardly tried), what a simple intensity of devoutness, must have watched and helped the child, as he grew and blossomed into man ! What airs from heaven must have blown about that lowly roof, filling all who dwelt beneath it with a noble simplicity of content with their own lot, and one, with a nobler discontent with the world's innumerable wrongs and sufferings ! These were God's quiet ways, and the very record of them has disappeared ; they survive only in their result. But there is no son in whom mother's blood does not flow, and though now we know not how or where, the Mary of whom the world is ignorant, lived and spoke and died in the Christ, to whom the world looks up.

So no mistake can be greater than to suppose that all the world's best work is done by the eloquent tongue and the busy hand. I will not compare what may be achieved by these means, with the less conspicuous results of a goodness which propagates itself less by word and act than by the unconscious contagion of example ; for it is not given to us to choose the form and method of our obedience. The call of conscience is to action ; God cannot be acceptably served in inglorious ease. The command comes in many forms : "Work while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work," cries one voice ; and then another, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might ;" and again a third, "The fields are white unto harvest, but the laborers are few." But God himself provides a diversity of work for his own purposes, and at the same time a variety of example for us, when he chooses some lives, and laying upon them, what seems to be a heavy burthen of sickness and infirmity, or filling them with a great modesty and retiringness of spirit, or shutting them up within very narrow and insurmountable barriers of circumstance, says to them, in a voice which it is impossible to misinterpret, "Serve Me in darkness and in silence ; and let it be enough that I accept the faithfulness which is unknown of men." Sometimes a command like this finds a ready echo in a timid and sensitive spirit, to which it is a deliverance not to be compelled by conscience to go

down into the throng of life ; quite as often it lies, at least for awhile, like a galling fetter upon the active mind and the eager will. But God tempers his weapons in his own way, and all to the best effect ; and presently the busiest and most versatile intellect finds new depths and fresh possibilities of interest in the things that lie closest at home ; the widest and the warmest heart learns that faltering feet and feeble hands cannot restrain love's farthest and highest flight ; and as for God, with all that is involved in the soul's upward strain towards communion, and his descent of help, he may easily be nearer to the silence of an enforced quietness, than to the noise and press of men's common life. And so it often happens that, under circumstances like these, a character is built up which, if it necessarily shine upon but a few lives, shines for them with a brightness all the purer and more intense. Such virtue is not the beacon flame upon the hill-top, wakening half the land to heroic courage and stern endurance, but the quiet lamp which giveth light to all that are in the house, for sweet patience, and fine courtesy, and the practice of all homely goodness.

Such a life, withdrawn as it is from common temptations, is not without trials and difficulties peculiarly its own ; but of these it is not needful now to speak. It is more to my purpose to point out that it is susceptible of a singular symmetry and completeness. The very narrowness which has been imposed upon it by God, and which we are so ready to regard as a privation, is only in another shape the restriction upon the indefiniteness of duty which many dutiful souls so passionately desire. For the claims upon an energetic nature are so many, so various, and often so conflicting ; it is so hard to know which of two competing duties ought to take precedence, so impossible to adjust effort at precisely its right intensity, and to hit the mean between base self-saving and foolish self-squandering, — that I think it must be a common wish for keen consciences to have the boundaries of industry a little more plainly marked out by God, and to be relieved from the perpetual perplexity of choice. If only one had but a fixed and limited place to fill ! If only one could

always clearly distinguish between what one ought to do, and what it would be wrong and foolish to attempt! And therefore, in this sense, God's prison may be the soul's liberty, and no round of duty so cheerfully and completely trodden as one which we, who are burthened with too large a capacity of flight, think sadly and hopelessly circumscribed. Then, so God has willed it, Quietness and Pain are sister angels, that have a singular privilege of access to him; and the soul to which they minister, through the weary hours of the day and in the long watches of the night, may frequently mount upon their friendly wings into the sanctuary of his presence, bringing with it, upon its return earthward, one knows not what glow caught from the infinite and eternal Brightness. The difficulties of a busy life are apt to throw mind and heart back upon themselves; the necessities of a quiet life have in them this fine quality, that they directly lead mind and heart to God. So ripen, slowly as the seasons pass and the years come and go, that sweetness and roundness of character which we call saintliness; and as we come in from our worldly work and struggle, with its soil clinging to us, and the joy of achievement always dashed with the recollection of failure, we wonder at a goodness in which we can hardly detect a flaw, and upon which already rests a foregleam of the presence of God.

For one secret source of the influence which such a life may exercise, undoubtedly lies in its contrast to men's common and more active existence. I have just indicated one element of that contrast; the completeness with which a comparatively narrow place may be filled, over against the want of balance, and symmetry, and thoroughness, of which all day-workers in the world must be conscious. But this is not all. There is a great charm in the difference between the heated air in which we fight our battles even for goodness, and the still atmosphere which environs these quiet lives: we come back to them from the struggle, and find that while they too are full of all fine aspiration for right, and thrill with a divine indignation against wrong, their aspiration is without restlessness, their indignation has no root of

bitterness in it; they are not unduly elated by successes which have turned our heads, nor daunted by failures which have utterly cast us down; their faith is, as ours should be, far more in God than in any of his human instruments. Their characteristic excellences answer in many respects to our weaknesses, and we admire and love them all the more: we cannot wait, and their existence is one long patience; the noise and the light of publicity are our life, and God has hidden them in his pavilion from the strife of tongues: we argue, and wrangle, and fight, while they but love and pray: health and energy are the very conditions of our activity, and their life is rooted in weakness and in pain: we converse continually with men, and it is a familiar thing with them to be alone with God. And so it often happens that the chamber of long and disabling sickness, or the sofa from which the invalid rarely moves, is the fountain of the finest influence, and the centre of the noblest activities. For there the charities of life may be all astir, and the quick affections thence make their far journeys of sympathy; thither may come the workers, now for the refreshment of peace, now for the balm of consolation, now, again, for the inspiration of a purer dutifulness; while over all constantly broods the presence of God, who gives and who denies the power of active service; who bids this child toil and struggle, while from that he only asks that she should "stand and wait." So in the weakness of one many are made strong; and the activities of earth are bathed and freshened in the airs of heaven.

Such lives are rarely counted happy; the world pities, while it admires them; and there is often a note of commiseration even upon the lips of those who know them best. I cannot think that it ought to be so; that it is so, arises from the fact, that when we speak of happiness, we use the word in some shallow and conventional sense which does not answer to our best and deepest knowledge. For although one who lives so narrowed a life as I have described, and, like a caged lark, praises God in clear strains and out of a full heart, might well desire, were such a thing yet possible, a restored activity and an enlarged power of service, it would

almost always be for others' sake rather than her own ; not that she might multiply occasions of pleasure, but that she might extend the ministry of love. The truth is, that such an one has penetrated far more deeply than most into the true secret of human happiness ; learning that, so far as external things go, it stands much more in the limitation than in the satisfaction of desire ; and that for the things within, to lie close to God, and to be able to do and bear all his will with a complete and ready assent, is the single sufficient source of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. And then there is a grace of character which is one of the rarest gifts of healthy, active life ; but which, wherever it shows itself, is almost always a plant of God's own rearing and tending, — I mean a willingness to live or die, as he pleases ; and a genuine conviction, that whatever he pleases in this respect is wisest, kindest, best. How little do we feel this, my brethren, we who come here for an hour's repose from the world's turmoil ! Our life's work, we think, is half undone ; our best hopes have not yet reached fruition ; our vital capacity is still unexhausted ; a thousand interests claim us. If God called us now, we should obey the call with sorrowful reluctance, and innumerable backward glances to the work and love in which our hearts are centred. Not so with those who have long dwelt in the silence and the seclusion which lie between life and death. It is the counterpoise of their suffering and the reward of their patience, that to them there is no terror, but a great deliverance, in God's last message. It opens the door of the prison-house, and sets the captive free. It is the summons to exchange pain for peace, and enforced quietness for the vigor and the joy of service. The God who has straitened them so long is he who now sets their lives in a large place ; and from the twilight of faith they pass into the noon of sight. Amen.

TAKE counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment. — *Arabic Proverb.*

AN INCREDULOUS CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

AN Incredulous Church — by these words is meant here the Church of the various Protestant sects of England and America, as distinguished from the Roman Catholic Church. For, as being authorized from above, the two men stand on the same level — a simple, sincere, Protestant archbishop, arrayed in glory and fine linen, and a Methodist lay-preacher, distinguished only by his Christian earnestness. The Christians, who do not own to the Pope, are all one as owning to the Bible, and to that "name which is above every name," by faith in which men have been healed as to their bodies, and than which as to the soul, "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

The Pope acknowledges every baptized person for a Christian, however heretical he may think him to be, or schismatical. And he is quite right in regarding us all, in England and America, as being in one boat, who do not acknowledge him as helmsman, and who do not own to his seal on a document as being that of Peter, the fisherman and apostle. And as to that point, any sound lawyer, fairly informed, would agree with the Pope. As regards the Christian haven, the Christians who do not sail with the Pope are all in one boat, though they may shrink from contact with one another; and though they may distinguish themselves from one another by metaphysical shibboleths curiously devised; and though they may magnify themselves against one another by their differences, as to Lent, and as to the best clothes wherein for a clergyman to officiate, and as to whether or not a person can have been truly baptized, without having been wholly under water.

And among all Protestant sects, while even they have been hating one another, there has been a curious sodality of experience and sentiment, and they have all alike been weakened as to Christian faith, by the spirit of the age. And of

this fact, the volume called "Essays and Reviews" is a good illustration. That book, however, is clear-eyed faith itself in comparison with the disgraceful panic about it, which was instantly manifested by the clergy of the English Church Establishment.

In the church militant we Protestants are all one army, though we may be of different regiments; and it is noticeable among us, that those who are loudest and the most exclusive as to articles of belief, seem at a time of trial to be the weakest of all as to faith.

As distinguished from Roman Catholics, the sects of Protestantism are an incredulous church. But why has Protestantism been incredulous? Mainly, because it began with a rebellion against the Catholic priesthood on account of their impostures, and their encouragement and use of superstition. And this incredulity as to the spiritual world has been strengthened by what has grown on men with the growth of science, the habit of viewing and judging things, by the methods and tests of science. In the eyes of God, however, there may really be more true faith in one man's denial than in another man's sign-manual of agreement.

No man can think too highly as to the ways and instruments of science, if he thinks proportionately as to other things. For he is as liable to lose sight of God by having his soul drawn into a microscope, as by having it absorbed by a set of account-books.

Another way in which the state of theology has been vitiated among Protestants has been by Bibliolatry, and by attempts to treat the Bible as though it were all-sufficient of itself, and wholly independent of history and philosophy; and as though it were too high for such vulgar assistance as that of scholarship, and almost even of translation. With many persons, it is like an instinct, almost, to repudiate every testimony as to the soul and the spiritual world, for which there is not a text in the Bible; and to despise as superfluous all those testimonies as to the spirit and its connections, which resemble any narrative or doctrine of the Scriptures.

Pneumatology, or the experience of men as to the soul,

through thousands of years, though it is the grammar of revelation, is never even mentioned in some schools of divinity. Divinity! what is divinity to-day, as learning? And still more, what is it as a science, when compared, as to condition, with almost any other region of human interest? It is like the state of a man who will not begin at the beginning, and who insists on understanding the *Phædo* as Plato wrote it, while yet he is void of both philosophy and grammar. There are persons who seem to suppose that as to the soul, the Bible can be read rightly by anybody, anywhere, and anyhow; while yet they would think it to be very unscientific to begin thinking about an oyster or a moth, without preparation.

As to the preternatural, the human soul is itself a witness, and it is of a piece with it. John Wesley said, that to give up witchcraft, or what he understood by the word, was to give up the Bible. "The skeptics well know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." And Richard Baxter said, as to the same kind of unbelief, that it was a betrayal of Christ blindfolded to the Sadducees. Even if there be no such thing at the present day inside of our modern sphere, it may be yet known of in Africa, or be in secret use among the cousins of the Thugs in interior Asia. It may have ceased utterly, like the plague of the Black Death, and yet historically be a fact.

David Hume's formula as to the miraculous has been very popular in Boston, and been accounted impregnable; but it is a mere fallacy. You cannot, and you ought not to believe what is contrary to your experience of nature, you say. But name now, the year, the day, the hour, when you think that you would have been first justified in assuming that position; for, of course, it would not have been proper for you as a boy of five years old. Also, you would make your experience of nature a test of credibility without your knowing, really, what nature is in any object or event you have ever known.

"Oh! but my experience"—that is one thing with a worm in the earth, and another thing with a monkey chat-

tering and frisking in a cocoanut-tree, and another thing still with a king of Siam, always so warm, and another thing still with David Hume, shivering at Edinburgh in the month of January. "Water grow hard, solid, with the change of wind, and become that absurdity which you call ice! It is contrary to my experience and I cannot credit it. And in fact I do not believe you. You are speaking from some illusion of your senses." This is what the King of Siam might have said: and indeed something like it he did say. And if Hume had heard him what would he have answered? He might have said, not without bewilderment, and perhaps, even with some compunction, as to the miracles of ancient Palestine, "Your majesty, Siam is not Scotland. There are some countries where one year it freezes, and another year it does not. All countries are not alike. And, may it please your majesty, we do not ourselves quite understand the process of freezing. At one particular point there is a mystery; and what the law is just there, has not been discovered yet. But that water will solidify and become like granite we are certain; because we can walk upon it, and keep paths across it for weeks together." And then probably the king would have bowed his head and said, "God be praised for his ways, so many and so wonderful." And at that David Hume would have thought to himself, "What a singular man!"

But it may be wondered what the preceding has to do with a church, even though incredulous. It has much to do with it. It is boasted, to-day, that the Church has never yet answered Hume's argument fairly. And why has it not? It is because of its not having been itself well-grounded as to belief; and just as far as it cannot answer Hume, it is in complicity with him.

"Oh," says some one, "oh, but philosophers now really do know, or pretty nearly they do, what the laws of nature are, and what can be and what cannot be." But really, it is not certain, nor is it even in the least degree probable, that all the laws of nature are known, and that those laws, in various combinations, may not be the gateways, possibly, of even celestial wonders. That is what no philosopher would deny.

Why may not the laws of our nature, or of a supernal nature interfused through air and ether—why may not these be highways for angels on mundane errands in a manner foreign to the powers of the telescope? And in that supernal nature, more subtle than electricity, and perhaps, everywhere present, why may there not be lanes or lines by which occasionally spirits may flash among men, and affect them more or less successfully? All that the men of uttermost science in combination with logic could say, would be, “Oh, but they have never come to us!” But that objection is null when judged by the way in which things go on this earth, even as to the revelations which science itself vouchsafes, and as to the inspiration by which true poets are reached; and especially as to what happens when the Spirit is abroad for quickening. “Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called.

What a state of things it is at present, in the Christian Church! What a panic on the part of some, as to what will be left of the Bible some day, when the revision of the Scriptures is over; and as to what, religiously, there will be left in the world to believe, after science has had its way! On the part of some, what earnestness about clerical garments and practices, along with such apathy as to learning and reason! How strange it is every now and then, when it is announced as to some distinguished divine, that his theology has given way with him; as though he had been worshipping in some church of cards which had all come down, with some one text having been touched! And such anxiety as is sometimes felt, in some places, as to where Christianity would be, if any time, by any possibility, the Pope should be able to disprove the validity of Anglican orders! As though necessarily Christ would lose his hold on the earth, though every copy of the Scriptures were burned, and clergymen were forever suppressed! Do not all these things show that there is a general lack of a vital something as to belief; and are they not the signs of an incredulous church?

Mention has been made above of witchcraft, purposely ; because it is continually protruded as a warning and an argument against faith in the spiritual world. It was an awful, monstrous business. It was misunderstood by the Church and mismanaged ; and it was magnified and distorted and aggravated by the ignorance and panic of the people. But it does not, therefore, follow that there was absolutely nothing in it. During the Middle Ages, and even till very recently, it was almost instinctive with people to consider anything devilish, which was like a rustling of the curtain between this world and the next. Even common magnetic effects which are known now as mesmeric were often accounted diabolical. In the Vatican palace, St. Philip Neri might cure the Pope of gout in the hand by magnetic passes over it. But for some similar manifestation of power elsewhere, by one who was not a churchman, there would be the suspicion of the Devil.

Withcraft is a word which is used very indefinitely and often very improperly. Let one or two things as to it be remarked in connection with the Bible. The words in Exodus, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," were an article of legislation for the Jews as a people, and not for the whole world. And that article was concerned and connected with the Jewish theocracy. But in the seventeenth century that law was cited by men who were themselves capital transgressors against a law given to the Jews from Mount Sinai : "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

In Italy, and in the city of Rome, Sunday is called the Lord's day and Saturday is called *il Sabato*, the Sabbath, at this present time. Saturday is the seventh day of the week ; and for people who keep sabbaths is the only proper day.

The men who invoked the authority of the text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," unconsciously drew on themselves condemnation capitally as transgressors of the fourth commandment. In the early Christian Church Sunday was not the Sabbath. There is no real, scriptural Sabbath possible weekly, except on the seventh day. In the eye of the Jewish law, the witch and the Sabbath-breaker stand together, and by the very act of putting witches to death because of a text, men subjected themselves to the Jewish law: "Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death." This is one of a score of instances, which would show the ignorance, in which the subject of witchcraft was dealt with.

In the Old Testament, one of the words for witch or wizard is poisoner; which would indicate a different understanding of the character from what is common. The woman of Endor is commonly called the witch, but she is not so called in the Bible account of her.

And now why did Baxter and Wesley say the denial of witchcraft, was the betrayal of Christ blindfolded to the Sadducees? It is because with a habit of indiscriminately disregarding evidence merely as pertaining to a demoniac or spiritual subject, a man must necessarily grow blind as to Christ himself and the reality of spirit.

Instead of getting together a heterogeneous agglomeration of supernatural stories of all ages and countries, some true perhaps, but most of them falsified and magnified from one cause and another, and then saying, "See what stuff comes of believing!" a true philosopher would select some writer, like Henry More, and some work like Glanvil's, and some of the best testimony as to witchcraft, such as exists in connection with Salem, and then, with the best lights to be got for study, he would endeavor to discover what was in it,—what the reality was in this panic-striking phenomenon,—and what were the laws, whether corporeal or spiritual, with which it might seem to have been connected.

The realities of the universe are not to be winked out of

sight forever ; and however rare they, some of them, may be, yet they are always liable to recur. Whatever exactly witchcraft may have been, the philosophy of it is better worth investigation than half the subjects, which are mooted in schools of divinity and halls of science.

As to witchcraft, it is very easy to raise a laugh ; and it is also very easy for a man to show himself bold about it, by a universal, indiscriminate denial. Yet there may be method and philosophy waiting to be discovered in a subject at which one man can only sneer, and another man giggle. And if the Church has not the philosophy of witchcraft, it is because it has been too incredulous for pneumatology.

It happened that, as a youth, I conversed with an eminent person, widely famous. And I said to him, humbly, and by the way of inquiry, "Oh, if I only could learn by what way it was 'that the word of the Lord came!'" And I was answered, "You have nothing to do with that. You read that the word of the Lord came at a certain time to a certain person. And you believe of course." To that I said, "I do believe, but not altogether as a matter of course. And I should believe more intelligently, and therefore more nearly as God would have me, if only I knew by what channel the word of the Lord was supposed to reach the mind of the prophet. Was it that he heard a voice when nobody was near him? The people of his time would not have believed him any more than David Hume would have believed him in Edinburgh, unless they had previously believed in a way by which the word of the Lord might possibly come. I wish that I knew what it was. Some day, perhaps, it will be plain, by some light from some direction." How well I remember the time and place of this conversation, and also the last words of it, "That way of talking is not safe!" It was a shock to me, and I thought, "Good conscience! how blindly we hold on to one another! Actually with a little light, it is possible that a man may be looked up to, theologically, because of his title, while yet rightly he is to be looked down upon because of his soul!"

From that accidental conversation I got a strong feeling

of the unreality of the present state of theology. Believing! what kind of believing is that, as to prophecy, which does not care what a prophet was, nor wish to know how it was that he was a prophet? Whatever else it may be which is good and useful, that kind of believing is the belief of an incredulous church.

Pneumatophobia is the word by which Cudworth characterized that aversion to belief spiritually, which almost may have been said to have begun, as to its grossness, under the reign of Charles the Second. Henry More devoted himself and all his philosophy and learning to a long struggle against the spreading epidemic. And Richard Baxter collected and published what he considered were well authenticated incidents of his own day, connected with the supernatural, as being evidences, on which unbelievers might be challenged, who would not listen to the Scriptures because of their antiquity. ("The Certainty of a World of Spirits; fully evinced by Histories, Apparitions and Witchcraft, Operations, Voices, &c. A.D. 1691.") But that epidemic of disbelief originated with other causes, than what are to be argued with, by logic or from learning. And so it was that pneumatology was less and less regarded. And so, also, it was that in spite of Cudworth's great work, scholars became more and more blind as to there being any possibility of system in the universe, intellectually. That epidemic of disbelief which was just then spreading — what things have ensued from it — a disbelief as to everything wonderful outside of the Bible, — an attempt generally to extenuate as much as possible the miraculous narratives of the Scriptures, — ridicule of testimony, the very best, and in abundance, as to the marvels of mesmerism, — contempt as to all, or nearly all the Christian writers, from the age of the Apostle John down to the sixteenth century, because of their accounts as to the supernatural, in their respective eras, — and on the points of their strongest conviction, a reckoning of Cudworth, More, and Baxter, as being nobodies, notwithstanding their being the representatives of Jeremy Taylor and other earnest, earlier divines of name and note! Addison, Defoe and Johnson are men to be cited at

any time, anywhere, as being eminent instances of good, common sense: but hardly anybody remembers that they all three were never as to anything more in earnest, than they were as to the possibility of supernatural experiences. But what indeed is there that is like the strange blindness of some modern scholars, who scorn the mention of the supernatural, and yet exalt the wisdom of Plato; and who deride the spiritualists for infatuation, and praise the mysterious Neo-Platonists for their oracular sentences; never having discovered that it was the peculiarity of the Neo-Platonists, in the fifth century certainly, that they attempted communication with the spiritual world by methods and instruments, which, as to character, were much the same as what are used by the spiritualists of the present day. Plutarch! what admiration there has been for him on the part of some persons, who apparently can never have seen him, except with one eye, or on only one side of his nature. For, no doubt, he writes Greek and is a grand biographer, and is morally worth listening to. But then also the oracles and gods of Greece were something real and serious for him, notwithstanding that by most of his modern admirers they cannot possibly be conceived of otherwise than as rubbish and trickery. It would be like him to say, "What is the use of your reading me at all, if you can only be deaf when I am most in earnest, as I always am when I write religiously, and about the oracles, and divine dreams, and the appearances of the gods. Once I overheard some of my slaves talking. I should have done well to have minded their conversation better. They spoke of their God as allowing no other gods than himself—the One. But they did not say, as you do, that there were no other gods that might have been had. Myself, surely, if I am not accused of knavery, I ought to be credited for knowledge, personally, as to oracles; for I wrote about them, and not unintelligibly perhaps. And also I was what you call a churchwarden—I was warden of the temple at Eleusis."

Grand old Greek! Oh, if only he could talk among us one whole day! For he could correct not only the unbelief of some people, but even the Christianity of a few. However,—

if the spiritualism of Plutarch were well eliminated from his writings, and made plain for even students with their blinders on, he would be quickly discharged as an obsolete idol, by some of his admirers. And indeed, why really should Plutarch be credited any more than St Augustine?

Socrates, Plato, Pausanias, Plutarch, and nearly every Greek worth knowing, the Fathers of the Christian Church, and after them its chroniclers for a thousand years, and all the greatest of the Protestant divines — men of the grandest intellect, and men also of the keenest perception; saints with looking up who saw the heavens open or an angel come; believers competent to praying fervently and successfully; Protestant laymen, a choice few, like Sir Thomas Browne; and great armies of believers and witnesses of whom the world was never worthy — they are all now dwellers in light unspeakable, and they feel their affinities, as to the souls which are nearest to them, and as to surrounding hosts, and as to distant regions; and they are alive forever with the youth of immortality; and as they look up together, they see a radiance from above become visible, which is like the smile of the Father Almighty.

Those souls in glory! Those children of the Church triumphant! Yet if it were possible for them all to speak as though with one voice, through one man, there would be an answer at once from a thousand quarters, "Rules! rules! we have got rules to think by now, rules for thinking in church, and rules for other places. Ghost-stories are well enough for girls to laugh at; and as to everything else of that kind of thing, — imposture, priestcraft, — that is the word which settles it now, both among men of the world and up in the pulpit too." It would not do so, however, from any other pulpit than that of an incredulous church.

I was the subject of conversion long ago, as suddenly as Paul was, though on a lower plane than that whereon the apostle was when "suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven." It was a fine warm morning in spring, and I sat in an orchard reading one of the works of Dr. Henry More, often called the Platonist. Now More quotes a

good ghost-story, in its particular way, just as naturally as a text of Scripture. And remarkable dreams and providences and strange impulses he regards as being genuine scintillations of that heavenly fire, with which our souls are kept aglow. But all his citations of such things I had always passed over; just as in reading when I was a boy, I had always skipped poetry. But suddenly, as I was reading, it occurred to me like a flash of lightning, "What strange reading of a book this is? For on one page you are very intent, because of its wisdom; and another page you skip at a glance, because of your counting it as nonsense. 'Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?' So an apostle asked once; and so, again, he might well ask you." No doubt, in my studies I had arrived at a crisis; and at the instant it was as though scales had fallen from my eyes; and as though a hundred thoughts which I could never have had, except perhaps latently, had suddenly showed themselves like lights in a dark field; and I knew in a moment, with one fresh beam of light, how surely as to the spirit old things must pass away, and all things become new. And in the same way, I saw that there was no trusting Peter and James and John, and the other eight of Christ's own apostles, without believing, also, "in the things of the Spirit," as they have been attested in the Church, as to occurrence, age after age, since the death of the last of the apostles, down even to our own latter days. And I agreed with myself, that though a ghost in my own house would be an anachronism, yet that I had no right, because of my intellect or experience, to scout my forefathers in the Church, and after the flesh, also, because of their testifying as to occurrences against the credibility of which, there is nothing to be adduced, except merely the arbitrary and modern word, supernatural. And also, I said to myself that as there had been changes as to the earth, geologically, so, also, may there have been as to that sphere, by which human souls are enveloped. And I concluded with myself that though it was not probable that ever again spirit or angel would intrude on the uniformity of human affairs, yet, that as to the past, there could be no doubt

of their having intervened. Oh, that morning in England, when the roses were smelling so sweetly, and when the apple-blossoms were falling like snow in the full sunshine! That was a wonderful time for me! Because it was then that in a moment, as it were, I turned away from guides, like James Mill, as to the human mind, and trusted myself to the Spirit, or at least to a belief in those who did acknowledge it. That wonderful morning! It was thenceforward that I began to see about me the signs of an incredulous church.

THOSE THIRTY YEARS.

WHAT wealth was hidden in those early years
Of that great spirit full of love and truth!
He was no man of sorrows, bowed with fears, —
Serenely beautiful, high-hearted youth!

Smit with the love of God, within his breast
There rose a fountain of perpetual joy.
The world knew not it had so fair a guest,
So high a spirit in such low employ.

He labored cheerful in the noonday bright,
And went his way unto the evening meal;
And sat within the cottage porch at night,
To see the pensive shadows round him steal.

And Mary watched him with her earnest eye,
Lest he should toil too long with all the rest;
But when at night she saw her Jesus lie
And sleep so calm, she stilled her anxious breast.

He rose with all the morning in his heart,
Elate with strength, and kind with human love,
Eager to do with them his simple part,
Yet warm with higher work for God above.

And all the varying pictures of his life,
Took on a meaning rich and deep for him, —
The sports of children and their little strife,
The festive hall, the hovel poor and dim ;

The elders sitting wisely by the gate,
The Pharisee with bordered, flowing gown,
The poor man, who for justice long did wait,
The beggar, — scoff and laughter of the town ;

The synagogue, the simple multitude,
The neighbor who stood up and read the law,
The maniac who stared at him so rude,
The women gazing with a tender awe.

He looked on men and loved them all so well
His spirit yearned with a delightful pain
The secret of his great, young life to tell,
So they might drink and never thirst again.

And when the dove lit down upon his head,
That day he came to John from Galilee,
He turned at once the way the Spirit led,
Even as a white-winged vessel springs to sea.

A wondrous vision from his calm retreat,
He moved along the highways of the land,
And never stayed to rest his weary feet,
Till he had done his Father's high command.

His soul was lifted with ecstatic bliss,
He saw the Devil falling from his throne,
And then — he sorrowed in a world like this,
And went his thorny way to die alone.

But ah, the joy was greater than the pain,
Grief did not touch those thirty years so bright,
Nor could Death hold him in its icy chain,
He rose and mounted to Eternal Light !

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

ENTERING COLLEGE.

BY A. B. MUZZEY.

THE increasing interest in the great subject of education is nowhere more manifest than in the growth of our colleges. Confined once for their students almost exclusively to those destined to the three professions of law, medicine, and divinity, they have now come to embrace within their ranks candidates for nearly every important pursuit in the community.

The contrast is not more striking in this respect, between the present and former days in college life and purposes, than in many others. Going back fifty years to the time when I entered college, the change has been almost incredible. Whether every change since introduced, including both moral and intellectual elements, has been for the better, may perhaps admit of some question. Making due allowance for that "rosy light," which to us elders seems to bathe the whole past, I at once concede that great improvement has been made in many directions. Take, as an illustration, the requisitions for admission: I see the great advance from my own case. After devoting less than half the time now usually allotted for preparation, I was presented by my instructor for examination. We met on one of the last days of August, and commenced our work at six o'clock in the morning, and were occupied only one day, the examination closing at five in the afternoon. It was entirely oral and conducted by the President (Dr. Kirkland), Professors Hedge, Farrar, Willard, Popkin, Norton, Channing, Edward Everett, and tutors Caleb Cushing, George B. Emerson, John Brazier, Ira H. T. Blanchard, and John Fessenden. At half-past eight we were all summoned to the President's study, to learn, with trembling hearts, our fate. That the ordeal was not a fiery one, may be judged from the fact that, although there were two specified branches which I had not studied at all, I was admitted without any conditions. And I know well that there were others less qualified than myself, who escaped the strict award of justice on that day.

Exhausted by the intense study of a fearfully hot summer, my unexpected success was truly exhilarating, and I enjoyed the recuperative power of a four weeks' vacation with the zest of a little child, and was only anxious lest I might fall behind the class, so much better prepared, in general, I had seen, than myself.

How wondrous was that first day of college life. What was to be the moral effect of these novel scenes on a country-bred boy? Would he retain the simplicity of his early days? Would the counsels of a wise father, and a mother's love, stimulate him to industry and keep him from the paths of the destroyer? His purposes were certainly good and his aspirations high. Not to while away his time in self-indulgence, but to strive for good scholarship, and above all, for an unblemished character—this was the goal, but how to reach it?

The routine of the first day—to receive from the President a copy of the college laws, to which was appended in his handwriting my own name, with the "*admittatur in collegium Harvardinum*," and the signature of that beloved man—precious document! to pay the steward's ten-dollar fee, and to enter my name with the Regent and also at commons hall, and to take possession of my room in old Massachusetts, albeit destitute of carpet, sofa, window curtain, and every other modern fireside comfort—this was a proud instalment. Saturday we attend prayers at the chapel in University hall, and on the Sabbath we hear at the same place two sermons by Dr. Ware, in which, as the record states, "he gave us some excellent and well-timed advice and admonitions upon commencing a college life." To me, who came from ministrations extreme and harsh in doctrine and unattractive in manner, this was a rich repast. I never lost my interest in the preaching of this earnest and true man; and my subsequent estimate of his rare excellence of character, his kindly temper, his consecration to duty, and his fidelity to every trust, ripened into a friendship which lasted on through my manly years and to the close of his long life.

Monday morning finds us at the six o'clock prayers, and

immediately after, a lesson is assigned us in Greek. We attend prayers also at night. Our first daily recitation is before breakfast; we have one at eleven o'clock and another at four; and this order continued throughout my college life. The only change of studies was on Saturday, a lesson in Rhetorical Grammar and one in Roman Antiquities, and the recitation in Grotius on Monday morning. This book, being on the evidences of Christianity, was thought an appropriate study for the previous day.

The three recitations of each day proved to me a severe tax; and the more so as I saw that, to my classmates from the Boston Latin School and to others so much better fitted for college than myself, every study seemed a light task. But I struggled on, hoping, I sometimes felt, against hope, that a brighter day might come in the future.

For a close student the dietetics of commons hall were not the most favorable. The puddings might, some days, have been sent over a college building with impunity, and the pies could have followed their course, to say nothing of coffee, which had a strong savor of verdigris, imparted by the huge copper boiler, bread, a fit substitute sometimes for vinegar, and meat roasted on from brown to black. With the keen appetite of boyhood and youth, the consumption of full meals of this diet was most inauspicious for health. And then, too, in the matter of exercise, I had never been taught physiology, and did not dream of taking a walk as an essential thing for a student, or indeed of the need of any exercise whatever. Would that some kind genius had whispered to the good Dr. Jackson to give us at that time his excellent lectures on health. But, instead of coming, as they ought, in the first term of the Freshman year, they were reserved to the last term of the Senior year, when all the mischief and misery of ill health had been suffered from ignorance and inexperience in the laws of physical regimen. At the academy I had fortunately once or twice a week practiced the old style of base-ball, and, on entering college, found foot-ball a substitute. The barbarous encounters between the Freshmen and Sophomores of our day did little, however, for health, and often left

us maimed and lamed by the mistakes made by direful Sophomores, who, with boots iron-toed and heeled, aimed at our limbs instead of the rightful object, the foot-ball.

I regard the introduction of the gymnasium as a blessed institution for the college. Systematic and thorough exercise of the whole frame is needful for the sound development of the intellect, and I will add, for the moral nature also. I have not much faith in the merciless contests of some modern games, as they affect scholarship, character, or even a sound physical education. Nor do I believe the fashionable "regattas" wholly without peril to one's virtue, when it is hinted that "liberal purses" are in prospect between students of Harvard and their numerous competitors. It should be quite enough for their highest ambition to have the walls of old Massachusetts, with the portraits of so many worthies as look down on the spectacle, contain, enclosed for all time, the gilded trophies of victories by the oar and the ball. If any man will invent, and make popular with the students, some system of thorough and unexceptionable exercise, which they will pursue with moderation, he will be entitled to an honorary degree from our venerable "alma mater."

When I entered college the practice of hazing was rife. Many things were done of a wholly innocent nature to frighten the poor freshmen, — such as rolling shells and cannon balls down the three stairways of old Massachusetts. This ammunition was purloined from the neighboring arsenal; and when some forty-two pounder was started from the upper story at dead of night, it would produce a very respectable earthquake. More harmful was the process of filling a barrel nearly full of water, and so placing it against our door, that, upon its being opened, we had a slight illustration of the deluge. I heard of cases, none, as I recollect, however, in my own class, where some hapless victim was taken from his bed and thrust under a stream from the college pump. This and similar offences lie beyond the pale of harmless jokes, and are no less mean and ungentlemanly than decidedly immoral.

This brings up the great subject of college recreations in general. It is idle to think of repressing every indulgence

of this sort. Boys and young men, full of health and spirits, must have their sports. Our only questions should be, what shall be the character of these recreations? and within what limits shall they be restrained? In a copy of the college laws published 1820, the year I entered, is a long list of forbidden recreations, with their several penalties, among which are these: "No undergraduate shall be an actor, or in any way a partaker, in any stage plays, interludes, masquerades, or theatrical entertainments, in the town of Cambridge, or a spectator at the same, under a penalty not exceeding two dollars. Nor shall he attend theatrical amusements in any other place in term time, under the penalty of ten dollars for the first offence. Nor shall he attend any ball, assembly, or party of pleasure, during term time, unless authorized by the President, at the request of the parent, guardian or patron, under the penalty of five dollars. No student shall shoot, fish, or skate over deep waters, without leave from the President, or one of the Tutors, or Professors, under the penalty of fifty cents." Such laws are subject to the grave objection of a sure violation; and therefore often bring the whole system into disrespect, if not disregard. Many laws of this class were constantly violated within my knowledge; I remember to have heard that even college officers sometimes attended the theatre in disguise. A Kean or a Cooper was a temptation which even they could not resist. No one probably would now deny that, far better than these rigid statutes, would have been at least the encouragement of what are called "private theatricals," kept modest and moral by the occasional presence of college functionaries.

The tone of their amusements will depend somewhat on the age of the students. This was much younger in my day than at present. One of my class was but thirteen, several, I think, were only fourteen or fifteen when they entered, and the average age must have been not much above sixteen. At that time such persons were considered boys in the community at large, and it is not surprising that they often conducted themselves, especially in their sports, according to this standard. We were then addressed by every officer by

our surname. I was glad to hear, at an examination several years since, the title "Mr." given to each student when called up for recitation. Everything should be done to impart to students a sense of manliness, and to give them the impression that they are regarded with confidence. This belief goes far to produce the true gentleman, and does not a little to establish a true moral character.

The average age of students who now enter college at Harvard is, I am told, eighteen. This comes in part from the raised standard for admission. Its good effect intellectually is manifest; the college is no longer to be simply a first-class high school, as it was, in so many respects, when I was there. If the elective system is to prevail, down even to the Sophomore year, the student should be of an age fitting him to choose his own studies. With this improvement, we may reasonably anticipate a steady advance in character among our students. Conscious that they are men, they will leave behind them the follies and faults of boys.

Soon after entering college I witnessed in the Sophomore class one of those chronic ailments of the institution, a rebellion. Such events were then regarded as almost, under certain circumstances, a matter of course. There must be a rebellion at least once in four years, it was said by some persons, that every class may see and know its folly. By an unfortunate arrangement my class occupied the dining-room in University hall adjacent to that of the Sophomores. On a Sunday evening, while we were at our supper, suddenly the wooden windows between us were burst open, and missiles of all kinds in the shape of crockery were dashed in upon us. In self-defence we were constrained to repel the attack. This destruction continued some fifteen minutes, when the two classes left their halls, a shout of "Soph and Fresh" was raised, and immediately rushing to the college yard, an onset was made, in which not only the students, but college officers became involved. Commands were issued to individuals to "go to their rooms," but with very rare obedience. This violence continued for nearly an hour, when the classes separated. On the next day three of the Sophomore class were sus-

pended, at which the class showed some resentment. This led to the suspension and dismissal of several others. A division afterwards sprung up in the class between those who joined in the rebellion and a small number who stood aloof from it. These, numbering, I think, about twenty, were called "The Black List," and were persecuted in many ways by some of the other members of the class. A song was written, containing the odious names, and holding them up to ridicule, and it was posted in the college yard. Two more were suspended for nine months on suspicion of being the authors of this offence. This unhappy affair resulted, with several, in the entire loss of their degrees, while others received theirs only from time to time, and three not until the expiration of thirty-two years.

During our first term there occurred one of those Exhibitions, of which there were three during the year. These were a stimulus to us Freshmen, and operated, as intended, "to animate literary exertion" by conferring on those who excelled, a "public mark of honor." They have recently been entirely abolished. What a calamity this would have been considered by the Corporation of that day! In the college laws of that period we read, "A refusal to perform the part assigned in these exhibitions, will be punished as a high offence." Rarely was this penalty incurred; to nearly every candidate for the "honor," they were a mark for aspiration, and they were the occasion of jealousies and envyings among many who failed to attain them.

The present officers of government have decided, I learn, that there shall be no rank-list hereafter. If other and higher motives for study can be substituted for this long-employed stimulant, every friend of the college must rejoice. There are evils, perhaps inevitable ones, connected with the ranking system. Happy for us, if, in escaping these, we shall sacrifice none of the earnest study it has for long ages produced. It is to be hoped that, while the intellect is thus to be better stored and developed, the moral nature also will be awakened to new energy by the substitution of positive awards for high and gentlemanly deportment, instead of the ancient system of simple "deductions" for misconduct.

A strong stimulus to exertion was the series of literary societies, The Fraternity of 1770, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Phi Beta Kappa. I was very happy when chosen into the first of these, which embraced about twenty, nearly a third of the class, during the Freshman year. We were thus brought into fellowship with those of similar tastes with ourselves, and our exercises in composition, declamation, and debate, produced a marked effect on the scholarship of many in the class. The best talent of several, I recollect, was shown here rather than in the required studies of college. To this, in part, must be ascribed the singular change of rank through which some, who belonged to the Fraternity failed afterward of an election in the Hasty Pudding Club, and still more lost a place in the Phi Beta Kappa, which had been so confidently predicted for them in the first and second years of the college course. The good influence of these societies on study and scholarship was sometimes secured, unhappily, by a sacrifice of kind feeling and with embitterments which extended on even after we left the university.

It is surprising how soon students find their affinities, and form friendships which usually last through college and often through life. I remember some to whom I was at once drawn, it may be by the great law of "natural selection." A few were soon "popular fellows," and one of our best scholars never had an enemy, nor experienced, I am confident, the slightest coldness from those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the ranks. Others, with great suavity of manner, made few personal friends, and so it has been with them, I suspect, through life. Nowhere does the heart more clearly reveal itself than in the four years of college life. Some, it is true, with kindly sympathies, are constitutionally reserved and are little known by their class. I recall one, hardly known by any of us at that time, and yet a genuine man, honored and beloved to this day by every one who has passed beyond the veil of his natural shyness and taciturnity.

On Saturday afternoon, we often walked with kindred spirits, now to the shades of what was then known as "Sweet Auburn," now to enjoy a sail on Fresh Pond, now to a famous

resort kept by a Mr. Rule, where we could, in June days, regale ourselves with strawberries and cream, *ad libitum*, for the very moderate charge of fifty cents. The temptation presented by this renowned establishment was so great that even "the government could not go by rules." Sometimes we adventured a walk to Boston, perchance through "Lechmere Point," in case the mud by that road was of any fathomable depth; and at times we would wend our way through the "Port," albeit much of our path was over stony ground or through expansive pools. What a jubilee it was for all Harvard, when, by the perseverance of one of her sons, a sidewalk was actually built for a whole mile toward Boston. This was by no means the only good deed for which we may well bless the memory of James Hayward. He was an efficient college officer, popular as an instructor, one whom I esteemed in those days, and valued through his protracted life. Not endowed indeed with that perfection which belongs to no mortal, he was a benefactor to the college and the town. To him we owe largely the erection of that church edifice, whose walls, year by year, have been so long vocal with the youthful orators of Harvard, and in which more than one generation have enjoyed the privileges of a liberal form of Christian worship and instruction.

I am led here to speak of other buildings erected for the use of the college. When we see the speed with which one and another structure rises on the old grounds at this day, and the renovation of so many of former periods, now that the alumni are placed in charge of their alma mater, and under the constructive, as well as educational genius of our new President, we are carried back, by contrast, to the beginning of the present half century. No building was raised within that enclosure during my college life; and none had been erected for some ten years. Nor was there, I think, a new one until 1840, when Gore Hall was completed. We were confined to University Hall for recitation rooms, dining hall, and a kitchen, whose odors I cannot say refreshed us while we poured out our classic or mathematical stores to professor or tutor. Within those same walls, too, was the chapel, where

we met for worship on Sunday, and for declamations and exhibitions at other times.

At that period every officer of college, including, I think, the proctors, was required to officiate at prayers, each a week in turn. The diverse modes of conducting them struck me with great force. Those in the clerical profession, of course, appeared usually at ease. But some whom we judged, in all charity, to be not peculiarly devout, presented occasionally an incongruous picture. "What will B. do? and how will C. conduct himself in the pulpit?" was whispered among the students. One of these had professed himself an unbeliever; but he marched up to the sacred desk with the courage of a good soldier going to the front. A somewhat irreverent youth said afterward, "I never heard a more gentlemanly prayer addressed to the Almighty." It may be questioned, whether this custom did not occasion more evil than good. The efficacy of public prayer is lost the moment we detect a lack of devotion in him who is uttering the language of sacred petition.

Among those gifted in prayer I remember our good President. Dr. Kirkland had a rare felicity and richness of expression, not more noticeable in his sermons than in the daily prayers of the chapel. His language was choice, and its variety almost marvelous. I recall a discourse on idle conversation, in which he portrayed the heedless and meaningless style of talk heard from some as "colloquial romancing." No man better knew all the avenues of the human heart, or could lay bare its secret places with more skill and power. Like the great English dramatist, he "held the mirror up to nature," and if any student did not at times see his own image, he must have been strangely blind. Who that passed through college under that benignant spirit could ever forget him? For each of us he had a kind word and a gracious look. His extraordinary memory enabled him to call us all by name the very day we entered college, though we had been four weeks absent. When I went to his study he would talk to me like my own father. He took an interest in my affairs as if they were his own; and I felt sure of his favor

whether good or evil should betide me. Every student seemed to regard him as a personal friend ; so it was to the end ; and when the last tie of college experiences was broken, as we parted from endeared classmates with a shade of sorrow, it was deepened by the separation from our ever-honored and ever-loved President.

EVENING HYMN.

GENTLY fall the shadows o'er us ;
Slowly fades the light away ;
O'er the hills which rise before us
Come the beams of parting day.

While the evening star is shining
Brightly in the darkening west,
Father, on thy love reclining,
We would seek our peaceful rest ;

Blessing Thee for joy and sorrow
Thou hast in our pathway strewn ;
Praying, on each coming morrow,
Thou wilt keep us still Thine own ;

And, amid the cares that blind us,
Gathering round us every day,
That the evening shadows find us
Still upon our heavenward way.

E. G.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

COLLEGE ANNIVERSARIES.

WE have just been passing through the annual exercises of our Colleges, and judging from the accounts in the newspapers they have been attended by unusual gatherings, and marked by an unusual interest.

Harvard University was never more prosperous, in numbers, in pecuniary resources, or in the thoroughness and efficiency of its instructions. Two new dormitories are now building, both of them architecturally worthy of the conspicuous place which they are to occupy on the college grounds, and a third hall, like each of the three that have preceded it, the generous gift of a Boston merchant, is soon to be added to the number. In common with all lovers of good learning we heartily thank the men who by their princely benefactions have within a few years added so largely to the resources of our alma mater. Our only regret is that one of these benefactors should have attached to his gift a sectarian qualification — the first time, we believe, in the history of the college, that such a gift has been branded by such a condition. If Congregationalists, Orthodox, and Unitarians, have by the gift of many hundreds of thousands of dollars created and enlarged educational endowments which are equally open to Episcopalians and all other students, it seems a little ungracious that the first large gift from an Episcopalian should have this invidious sectarian distinction attached to it. Practically, it will amount to little, and therefore will do little harm. But while all the other funds and privileges of the college are alike open to all the students, and Episcopalians are freely and gladly welcomed to all the advantages flowing from gifts which have been contributed by other denominations, why is this single exception to be made in their favor? It is as if all the families of a neighborhood should unite in a picnic, all partaking equally of what is contributed by all

the rest, while the members of one wealthy family, using freely whatever they wish of the common store, make their contribution on the condition that nobody else shall touch it till *they* have first had what they want. Practically, as we have said, no great evil will probably come from this innovation upon the time-honored and unrestricted hospitality of our generous University.

Next to Harvard in point of time and influence, is the College, or more properly the University, at New Haven. Its history has never been marked by a greater degree of prosperity than during the last five years. A new impulse seems to have been given to it in almost every department. Especially does the movement on the part of the alumni to augment its pecuniary resources indicate a renewed interest which must add greatly to its future prosperity. President Woolsey, who has made an honored name yet more honorable, retires from a successful administration of twenty-five years, and is succeeded by Prof. Noah Porter, who has been connected with this college since 1846. He belongs to a family of teachers. His father was for more than fifty years pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Farmington, Conn., and remarkable for his learning, his sound judgment, and his Christian virtues and graces. His sister is the accomplished founder and head of one of the most distinguished and successful female seminaries in the United States. He is known to the public as the author of a great and comprehensive work on "The Human Intellect," a work which shows great intellectual powers and attainments. Another of his works, which will probably be even more widely known and useful than this, is entitled "Books and Reading," and is the best guide that we know of for those who wish to learn what books to read and how to read them. He has also written a book on college discipline and studies. His views in regard to the office of a college may be seen in the short extract below from a speech which he made at the Commencement Dinner at Yale College:—

"Yale College has from the first shown more signally than any any other a capacity for a strict and rigid development and growth

by disciplinary method. In the academical department, then, what must we look for? Not, certainly, that it must depart from its disciplinary character. This is the strong foundation on which the edifice must stand, but it may in some respects improve. We want, first, greater enthusiasm for study, greater and more liberal culture in the literary departments, a higher moral tone, that the character may be moulded in truth; and in this respect we look to the younger graduates to inculcate by every means this idea and the love of honor, and that true manliness be cultivated toward all the instructors, and all with whom they may have dealings. For what are graduates to be distinguished if not for integrity, honor and manliness? If we would have enthusiasm in this regard let me ask you to use your influence in this way. I wish, too, a more intellectual spirit to pervade the pupils, a love of study for its own sake. Another thing may be said in respect to the disciplinary course. If we could double the number of officers given to the freshman class it would add a year to the influence of the curriculum."

Similar sentiments had already been expressed by the retiring president on the same occasion. We give a few sentences from a report in "The Boston Advertiser:"—

"President Woolsey went on to say that the younger men had his confidence as much as the older ones. He did not want to see young men entirely make up the government of the institution, nor old men entirely either. Young men who have explored various fields of learning should be looked upon with great confidence. Whatever other idea there may be about Yale, and there is room for diversity of opinion, the graduates have all settled in their minds that the most valuable things after all are perfection of life expressed in practice, and a perfect mind shown in culture and discipline, which are the main things in education rather than knowledge; and wherever these graduates go, culture and discipline are the main things for them to have. The brick walls had better all be thrown down than that there should be any other foundation for education but culture and discipline. Young men, you will support Yale in this idea; if you do, the college will be blessed—and may God bless her!"

We should be glad to give some account of Commencement at other colleges. But we have neither knowledge nor room for it. And the excellent account of American colleges

in "Old and New" would make anything that we can do poor and superfluous. We would also call particular attention to an article in the July number of "Old and New," on Theological Schools, in which the editor shows that no other professional studies properly include so wide a range of thought and investigation as those which ought to be pursued to fit young men for the Christian ministry. Science, Philosophy, Literature, History, the laws of nature and the laws of life, should all come into the field of their mental vision and help to prepare them for their great and responsible work. The narrow culture, and the ordinary mental endowments which some people regard as all that are needed to make a minister, provided only that he is a good sort of a man, do not meet the wants of the age, and will fail to give to the Christian Ministry the place which they ought to hold in the confidence and affections of the Christian community, and especially among men of enlightened or liberal views.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Though we were present at the funeral of this dear lover of God and man, "we cannot make him dead." Nothing but *life* can be associated with that dear name. It is well. It is the stamp of immortality, set by the divine hand, on real worth. Some men die long before they leave our sight; others leave our sight only to become immortal *here*, in our hearts, as well as *there*, in the upper mansions. Much as there is of evil in the world, it is simple-hearted, transparent goodness that wins and holds the heart's honor and love. This is shown by the hearty tributes, coming from sources so diverse and various, to the character, work and worth of Mr. May. It was beautifully and touchingly manifest in his funeral services at Syracuse, where the great heart of the people, rising above all party and sectarian feelings, laid its offering of grateful reverence and love upon his bier.

Though the newspaper reports of these services may have been read by many, it seems proper that our pages should make some brief record of them, and some of the incidents connected with the occasion.

Soon after it was known that Mr. May was gone, members of the stricken race, whose cause he had so nobly espoused in the hour of need, came to the house, some wearing badges of mourning, wishing to look upon his face once more.

To give to all a last opportunity of seeing the face which had always a smile for all, save tyrants and tempters, the body was permitted to lie before the altar at the church several hours before the services commenced. Among those who came for a last look, as we were told, was a prominent man among the Indians. As he gazed upon the kind, loving face, his own hard, bronzed features relaxed in sympathy as he said sententiously, "Mr. May best friend Indian ever had." Another Indian, whom Rev. Mr. Calthrop met in the street, bore kindred testimony and added, "I have boy, nine years old, deaf and dumb. Mr. May go to get him into deaf and dumb asylum. They ask how old? He say, nine. They say, no, we no take any under eleven. Mr. May say, he Indian boy! *he Indian boy!!* you *must* take him." Of course they took him. At the grave we saw an Indian with his face buried in his hands, and were told that this was the father of this child.

With these touching testimonies from the lowly came a note from Hon. Gerrit Smith, the well-known Christian philanthropist, who, being unable to attend the funeral, wrote, "Mr. May was the most Christ-like man I ever knew. Heaven is more desirable to me now that my dear May is there."

Previous to the public services in the church there was a quiet family service of Scripture, hymn and prayer in the home he loved, followed by words of tender sympathy and high appreciation from A. Bronson Alcott, the brother-in-law of Mr. May, and George B. Emerson, his life-long friend.

The church was crowded with a congregation such as is seldom seen. Nearly all shades of complexion and faith were represented. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Catholics, cordially united with Unitarians in honoring the man who had won all hearts by his life-long devotion to the welfare of man. We were particularly struck with the fine, venerable-looking men around the altar,

such men as one would like to be remembered by. The services, though prolonged, were listened to with deep and tearful interest. They were tender and impressive, yet lighted up with faith and hope. After a brief prayer by the pastor of the church, a singularly appropriate selection of Scripture by Rev. Mr. Mumford, and the singing of one of Mr. May's favorite hymns, an address was made full of beauty and tenderness by Mr. C. D. B. Mills of Syracuse. Mr. Garrison followed with such a tribute as only he could pay to the dear personal friend and fellow laborer, who in the early dawn of antislavery agitation, "while things were yet dark," came forth so promptly and heroically to do, dare and suffer in behalf of the oppressed millions then held in slavery.

Bishop Loguen of the African Church then paid an affectionate tribute to Mr. May as the ever-faithful friend of his race in general, and of himself in particular. "I began my labors," he said, "as a poor boy teaching school here, and I shall never forget the joy that our dear friend brought me when I made his acquaintance. From that hour unto his death, I never met him, in the darkest moments or amid the most fearful trials of my people, but a ray of sunlight would strike my heart from his countenance. He was as dear to me as any one could be. Never did I go to his house for counsel or for help in vain."

It was then our privilege to read two kind and appreciative notes, one from our ex-secretary, Rev. Charles Lowe, the other from our present secretary, Rev. Rush R. Shippin, expressive of the high regard in which he was held by the American Unitarian Association, in whose service, as a missionary, he had consented to labor, after he retired from the pastorate of his own parish, and of the eminent service he had rendered to the liberal faith. We followed these letters with such remarks as were given us at the time, concerning the nature of his Christian faith, its simplicity and power, the heartiness with which he believed in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the fidelity with which he applied those great, yet simple truths, to all the relations and duties of life. Rev. Frederick Frothingham offered prayer.

The choir sang, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and the body was borne to the beautiful "Oakwood Cemetery," two or three miles from the church, and laid tenderly beside the dust of his wife, who died a few years before.

Here addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Calthrop, Mumford and Munday, also by Mr. Mills and President White of Cornell University. The latter said that Mr. May's presence had been a continual benediction to them for thirty years, that he was *the best Christian he had ever known*. The Sunday-school children, each holding a bouquet of flowers, then sang the bright, hopeful song, —

"In that sweet by and by,
By and by, we shall meet
On that beautiful shore."

After which they passed in order by the grave and each threw in the bouquet brought for the purpose. It was a touching sight. As we looked into the grave, just after the children had passed on, we saw how the dear form, no more to be seen with the eye of sense, was literally buried in flowers. Fitting burial for the form that had held a soul so sweet and fragrant with human love. Earthly symbols of "God's smiles" may well hide the sacred dust, while the emancipated spirit goes up to meet the real smile of the Heavenly Father's face above.

But we cannot lay down our pen with this notice of his funeral. Beautiful and fitting and numerous as the tributes to his worth have been, still, love always craves one word more; and we loved him so well, and had such cause for loving him, that we must lay one little leaf with the rest upon his honored grave.

Perhaps we cannot better hint of the blessing he was to *many* than by first telling a little of what he was to *one*. We first become acquainted with him in South Scituate, about thirty-five years ago, when he came, fresh from his faithful service as General Agent of the Antislavery Society, to become the minister of our native parish. We were, at this period, using what time we could spare from daily toil in

study, hoping, if possible, some day to enter the Christian ministry. But we soon found that the path from the shipyard to the pulpit was not carpeted with flowers. "The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," so fascinating in books, we found a somewhat different thing in real, work-day life; and we confess that at times the sky grew very dark. The light of hope, at first so bright, receded from a star of the first magnitude to a far-off glimmer in the upper deep, and sometimes threatened to go out in darkness. Just at this time came Mr. May. He took our hand: the sky cleared. He clasped it in that broad, warm, loving palm: the star came back, full-orbed and glorious. Oh, what a clasp that right hand had! He never gave his finger-tips. He gave the whole palm, and it carried with it a whole flood of sympathy and strength. He seemed to have an extra set of nerves made for the special purpose of transmitting sympathy and cheer straight from his heart to ours. For three blessed years we were in almost daily intercourse with him. We heard him preach on Sundays, and, what was better, saw him practice, through the week, what he preached. We read with him, studied with him, talked with him, laughed with him, prayed with him, worked with him; went to temperance, anti-slavery and peace meetings with him, superintended his Sabbath-school, till at last he entrapped us to preach for him, and then sent us out, with his blessing, to preach to others. How brightly the light of those golden days shines through the azure distance of thirty years.

Mr. May was already used to this sort of work for young men. While in Brooklyn, Conn., his cousin, Samuel May, had studied with him for the ministry; and either caught so much of his spirit, or had it in the ancestral blood, that a large part of his subsequent ministry has been devoted to the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden. It was here, also, Frederick T. Gray studied with him and went forth, as Tuckerman No. 2, to engage in the ministry at large, in Boston, with a zeal and heartiness that still keeps his memory green.

How many others, since then, he has helped into the min-

istry we cannot tell. We know that Rev. T. J. Munn attributes his desire to enter upon the work largely to the influence of Mr. May ; and we have no doubt many others have been quickened and stimulated in the same direction, if not by direct aid, yet indirectly, by the power of his sympathetic spirit, and the moral heroism and true manliness of his own ministerial course.

His advent at South Scituate brought the angels. If we did not hear their voices in the heavens, we felt their influence in our hearts. Peace, freedom, temperance, equality, brotherhood, were words charged with new meaning as they fell from his lips. The Gospel became a "new dispensation," as at the beginning. The influence of this revival of practical Christianity was not confined to our parish. It spread through Plymouth County. Not only the churches of our liberal faith felt the power, but other churches also. Anti-slavery societies were formed, temperance organizations for adults, and cold-water armies for children sprang into being. Conventions in behalf of philanthropic causes were called. Noble men and women from abroad, drawn by the noble stand Mr. May had taken, and his yet nobler spirit, came and spoke their best words to us. In short, it was such a season of moral refreshing, such a pentecostal outpouring of the spirit of practical piety, as comes only at intervals and marks epochs in human history.

Mr. May revered woman, delighted in her society, believed in her mission, as the companion and equal of man, and hoped much for the purification of politics from the influence of her voice and vote.

But wide as was his influence as a Christian reformer, he was ever the devoted Christian pastor. He came close home to the hearts of his people. He was the friend of all, especially of the needy and suffering. What voice so sweet and tender as his in seasons of sorrow? In the spirit of the Master, he "bore our sicknesses, and carried our sorrows." We regard it as a striking evidence of the breadth and depth of the man, that while he was so deeply interested in all the prominent objects of Christian philanthropy, his per-

sonal interest in the individual members of his parish was so deep and constant, and his sympathy with all their experiences so tender and real.

Mr. May was a Unitarian of the simplest and most transparent type. Many of our ministers were trained in orthodoxy, and whatever unction or power they may possess is often attributed, by them from whom they came out, as the result of the latent orthodox grace, not yet extinct. But Mr. May was born and nurtured in the Unitarian faith. His first remembered religious impressions ran back, as he told us, to early childhood, when he stood encircled by his father's arms at the family altar of prayer. There he learned to say "Our Father," a name that grew in meaning and tenderness as he grew in thought and years, until it became the central truth of his theology, as that other sacred word, *Brother*, born of this, became the central truth of his philanthropy. These words are familiar enough to us all. But Mr. May *believed* them, believed them wholly and entirely, to the very roots of his being. Here was the source of his power. He lived in the blessed light of these great truths. They penetrated him through and through. They moulded his thoughts, they guided his feelings, they controlled his actions. This it was that made his piety so filial, his philanthropy so broad. When he called God *Father*, he believed it, and felt himself his child; when he called man *brother*, he believed that, too, and felt his fraternity with every child of God on the face of the broad earth. His love embraced humanity; it was color-blind,—the only kind of blindness we know that indicates clearness of vision. The Beatitudes, the Golden Rule, the whole Sermon on the Mount, the good Samaritan, with "Go thou and do likewise," the lost sheep found, the prodigal brought home to his father's arms,—these were the heavenly manna on which his soul fed. He was courageous, too, as he was loving. He had no fear of man before his eyes. The voice of duty was the voice of God. Sweetness and moral heroism were singularly blended in him. In his rebuke of sin, in high places as well as low, he was a John the Baptist that no kingly threats could turn a hair's breadth from duty. In his tender love for all he was a

John the Evangelist, with his head on his Master's breast, and his feet swift to run on errands of mercy.

In his social nature he was large and rich. His companionship was delightful. He was full of humor and anecdotes, and one of the most entertaining of men. He seemed to have known almost everybody worth knowing, especially among the leading reformers, and to have some pointed and characteristic story to tell of them. His humorous after-dinner stories were good for body and soul. His laugh was contagious, running in mellow ripples all over his sunny face, and going out through his eyes to set his companions a-going. But with all this there was an unsoiled purity of speech that was beautiful.

During years of the most intimate fellowship with him, we never heard the faintest allusion to an impure thought or suggestion fall from his lips. He was singularly free, also, from the small vices, not yet entirely outgrown by his profession. He didn't smoke or chew, or drink, or talk *confidentially* to one brother about the faults or heresies of another. His personal habits were as sweet and pure as the loving spirit which made him the friend of all. He was a Christian gentleman, as courteous as he was brave. The charm of his manners was the natural, unstudied outcome of the spirit within. They charmed you because you saw they were so real. It was the charm of the inner life. In this there was power. One who was waked to deep religious interest under his preaching in Scituate told us it was *the life of Mr. May* that first called him to serious thought. He saw in the man a something which he did not himself possess, and it was that indescribable something in the life and spirit of the man that arrested his thought and turned his steps towards the light.

But we must stop somewhere, and perhaps it might as well be here, though the heart is full, and we cannot find the last word. We have known, and still know, many true and noble men, in whose goodly fellowship the soul is made stronger and better; but, take him for all in all, Mr. May does seem to us to have united a greater number of the sweet, tender,

noble, heroic, and profoundly Christian qualities, than any one we have ever known. Heartily do we thank God for the privilege of having known and loved him, and for the sweet hope of meeting him again in the "By and by," of which the children sung so sweetly at his grave. Till then we may all unite in saying with his dear friend Mr. Garrison, "Farewell, — at the longest a brief farewell, — friend of liberty, of temperance, of peace, of universal brotherhood, of equal rights for the whole human race, without distinction of clime, color, sex or nationality! Farewell, lover of God and man, without partiality and without hypocrisy, ready for every good word and work; benefactor of the poor and the outcast; succorer of the hunted fugitive slave; sympathizer of the orphan and widow in their distress; rescuer of the wandering and the lost; strengthener of the weak, and lifter-up of the bowed down! Farewell, sweetest, gentlest, most loving and most loved of men!"

W. P. T.

BOYS.

The time for graduating from our common schools has just passed by. And what armies of boys, whose irrepressible energies have been to some extent restrained by their rules and discipline, are now on the full run from the school-room to the various occupations and experiences of life. It is pleasant to think of the wonderful improvement which the last fifty years have brought in the treatment and condition of boys. Carlyle, if we remember right, in his most cynical vein, proposed some thirty years ago that boys should be barrelled up till they had passed through a certain stage, corresponding, we suppose, mentally to what parents recognize as the age of measles physically. We have known pretty good people who seemed to think that outside of his father's house a boy was not a nice thing to have about, and in fact that he hardly had a right to appear among respectable people at all. We speak of country boys and of many years ago, when it seemed to be thought, as some persons think now, that a boy had no feelings to be hurt, that a boy could never be tired, that he could go barefoot through the sharp stubble

and suffer no pain. If there was a little odd job to be done when the day's work was over, and everybody else was tired, it was put upon the boy as a matter of course. If some older person had left his coat or jug in the far-off field, "Oh, the boy — he could run and get it." Or if the cow had not come home at night-fall, no matter how long or how hard he has worked through the day, he is the one to be sent after her, especially if it be a dark, dreary, drizzling night. His eyes alone are sharp enough to find her. So, if any slight accident has happened, if a rake or a harrow has lost a tooth, if a mug or a pitch-fork has been broken, if a little girl or dog in the next room cries out in sudden pain, if a rooster is heard screaming at an unseasonable hour in the night, or if at a public meeting there should be a sound as of the munching of peanuts, it is always attributed to a boy. And in graver matters, if a water-melon patch is disturbed some boy must have done it. If an old, deserted, good-for-nothing barn happens to take fire and burn up in the night, no one thinks of the old man who may have gone in there with his pipe to take his rest, but it is always some scamp of a boy who has done it. And the worst of it is that these suspicions are usually true. One wicked boy infests a whole neighborhood and gives a bad name to all his coevals and associates. But for all this we have faith in boys. We think they are worth caring for. We like to be with them. Two or three years ago, in going up the James River, we had a long and pleasant conversation with a Virginia gentleman, who spoke with great feeling of the altered state of things there in regard to the negroes, and of the way in which they had forsaken their old homes and masters. "But after all," said he, "I *do* like a nigger. I love to have them round me." So would we say about boys, even though they may not be made up after the most exact pattern of propriety; or indeed though they may not be made up at all. We look upon a boy as a "lively" bundle of unmeasured and undeveloped capabilities — for good or for evil. Sometimes, even in his apparent recklessness, a boy will take as much pains to hide his good qualities as some exemplary Christians of riper years

take to show off *theirs*. When we are at our very best, then we feel as if we were a boy again, in the old home, with mother and sister and brother, longing to do something for them which never can be done now, and then we feel as a little child tearfully looking up to the all-embracing love and mercy of God; and that is coming as near to heaven as we ever expect to come in this world. Boys may pretend to be worse than they are. They may blush to have you see into their generous purposes. The boy who delights in tormenting his sister will go a long distance out of his way to gather a rare plant or flower which he knows that she likes. He will stand up for her against the world. He will deny himself the dainties that he likes best, if only he can surprise her by some unexpected kindness, especially if he knows that she will not be likely to suspect him of doing it. These rollicking, noisy, disagreeable boys, sometimes very bad, sometimes led away against their better impulses, how brave, how truthful, how generous they sometimes are, and how many of them grow up into wise and good men. Indeed we hardly ever knew of a really good man who had not at some early period of his life been a boy. The boys, yes, God bless and keep them! for the hope of the world is bound up in them.

It is said that every Hebrew mother used to look with reverence on her son, not knowing but that in him she was looking on the coming Messiah. With something of this feeling should we look upon the young. Among them is the future divine, the future law-maker or judge. Among them is the great merchant whose possessions shall be equalled only by his benefactions. Among them are the great inventors, the great rulers of the coming age. Among them are the poets and thinkers who with a prophetic instinct shall lead generations yet unborn into higher realms of thought and a grander life. We therefore look upon them with reverence, and hail as omens of the highest good for coming times the fact, that to these young minds in whom all possibilities of future greatness and goodness may exist, there are opening to-day opportunities for personal improvement, and for future use-

fulness and honor, such as were never before opened to the young, especially among the laboring classes.

Many influences have been at work to bring about this result, and cause boys to be regarded with a more tender interest and forbearance. The general humanizing tendencies of the age have worked kindly for them. The literature of the age has sided with them. No other writer has probably done a hundredth part as much for them as Dickens, whose wonderful skill has nowhere been more beneficently exercised than in portraying boys of the most widely differing temperaments and characters, and showing as no one else ever has done where the sweet fountain of genuine kindness and affection may be concealed even in the most unpromising subjects and of what cruelty, tortures and injustice boys of the most sensitive natures may have been made the victims. And the great labor-saving machines, in multiplying material comforts and lessening the hardships of labor, have done more than we can well understand to lighten the tyrannous burdens of premature care and work which bowed down soul and body alike, and left to the child no room or time for his natural buoyancy of spirit, and the free play of his joyous instincts and affections.

THE GRAVES OF NEW ENGLANDERS IN CHARLESTON, S.C.

Some years ago, Mrs. Gilman published a cemetery record containing the names of New England people whose bodies had been buried in Charleston, S. C. The edition was burned at Columbia during the war, and the author herself has but a single copy.

We have received an interesting communication from Mrs. Gilman, which we are happy to publish, though we have not room for the entire list of names. We cannot but respect her pious care for the memory of the dead, and know that any commission entrusted to her will be faithfully attended to.

In her letter to us, Mrs. Gilman says, —

"In the beautiful enclosure around the Unitarian Church, are many interments from New England.

"Genealogy is finding important aid in graveyards, and the sentiment of the age leads to a respectful consideration of departed relatives.

"I have, therefore, copied from my printed volume of Inscriptions, for the benefit of survivors, nearly fifty names, mostly originating in New England.

"These graves are not uncared for, but are enclosed by evergreen hedges, while forest trees, although in the heart of the city, wave over them. They escaped the great conflagration, and were unhurt by the shells that fell around them. They still require attention, for time is doing its work on slate and marble. Three lie in the common path, and should be placed perpendicularly.

"If any name among those copied should excite interest, I will gladly give further information, and take charge of sums forwarded for cleaning, repairs, or gardener's expenses."

Among the names sent to us by Mrs. Gilman are the following: —

"Loring Andrews, fourth son of Mr. Loring Andrews and Mrs. Hannah, his wife, of Hingham, in the State of Mass. Died 1805.

"Capt. Joseph Bixby, Dublin, N. H. Died 1821.

"Ellen Maria, daughter of John Boit of Boston, Mass. Died 1821.

"William Eveleth, of Salem, Mass. Died 1824.

"Henry Alexander Flagg, Mass. Died 1842.

"John Taylor Gilman, Exeter, N. H. Died 1808.

"Aaron Hardy, Boston. Died 1816.

"Mrs. Sylvia C. Hathaway, New Bedford, Mass. Died 1834.

"Elijah Hunt Mills, Northampton, Mass. Died 1830.

"Elizabeth W., wife of George Seaver, Boston. Died 1837.

"Theodore W. Thayer, Boston. Died 1854."

We are glad to hear from Mrs. Gilman of the very acceptable, faithful, and successful services of Rev. Mr. Cutter in Charleston.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

"THE ETERNITY OF THE HELLS."

SOME of our New Church neighbors are finding in Swedenborg a more profound meaning than he knew of himself, especially on the great subject of the final destiny of those who enter the spirit world wicked and impenitent. Swedenborg, in his dogmatic statements, is at one with the Orthodox Church touching the duration of the future punishment. But he announces principles of the divine providence and government, and of human nature in its inmost essence, from which a very different conclusion would naturally be drawn. This conclusion a class of Swedenborgians, the liberal "wing," as we suppose, are trying to reason out. The subject is having a free and able discussion in the "New Church Independent," a Swedenborgian monthly published at Laporte and conducted with much freedom and catholicity. In a late number a writer, who seems to be a lady, puts the alternatives thus clearly:—

"There are but four tenable beliefs concerning the future of hell: for one must either believe it perpetually stationary, which seems inconsistent with ever-increasing power of Heaven and Order which act upon it; or annihilated finally, which would seem a *reductio ad absurdum*, when we consider the nature of annihilation; or reduced to a state of torpid stupor, or dead existence, which is virtually almost annihilation, and perhaps liable to those same objections; or *totally changed*. For the last hypothesis, which I believe, I think I have the following grounds: First, the Presence of God; for Swedenborg teaches that every living soul, even every soul in hell, has an unpolluted Inmost wherein the Divine Life dwells, and from which it lives. So, '*though I go down to hell, Thou art there also.*' His Love and Life never leave any soul; and the Puritan divine who prayed for the Devil, had perchance a wider scope of vision, a deeper insight into God's tenderness than we in our despair.

"Secondly, there is no human being, who has not either loved, or been loved; none so loathsomely evil that he has not been a helpless child: and all states may return to us again. So even in ourselves, and our human ties, there is still the germ of hope. Besides, how few of the wicked can we say are hopelessly evil, remembering how much of hereditary woe lies as a burden,—for which we are not responsible—upon our shoulders,—how much sin is through ignorance or false teaching,—how much *apparent* moral evil is in reality a physical disease. How much

easier would it be to grow heavenward with strong and pure bodies even ! Sanitary reform is a firm basis for Regeneration to work from, and the Divine Physician healed and cared for the bodies of men as well as their souls.

“Thirdly, there would seem hope through analogy with the things of Nature ; for even in apparent death and decay, the atoms do not perish, but through various changes appear again in pure and living forms. Is there, in the essence of the immortal soul, a less vital and purifying power ? May not these fierce agonies of hell and woe be as the ordeal by fire through which the ore becomes metal ? As one of our truest poets has said : *‘In the light of Christ we are saved ; but those souls that seem lost are in His Shadow, and even in that, is Life.’* Was the Parable of the Lost Piece of Silver, which the owner sought for diligently *until she found it*, for earth only, or may it not have been the gracious Gospel of *all* souls ?”

THE ANIMALS.

A book well compiled, selecting anecdotes of the brute races where they have manifested affection, sagacity, and devotion which bring them into close alliance with humanity would be a persuasive plea to aid the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in their most laudable enterprise. We notice several facts of late illustrating the faithfulness of the dog towards his master, wounded or slain on the battle-field. The following is copied from “The Animal World :”—

“I wandered over the battle-field. There lay the body of a captain of the Sixty-second Infantry ; his faithful dog was the mourner. There he lay, close to the fallen, licking his wounds and howling piteously. No one dared to approach. The dog had followed his master into battle : now he would not be parted from him by death. There he lay all day long, — neither father nor mother, wife nor child, were permitted to keep this mournful watch ; only the dog was there to the last. Yet this is one of the creatures to whom man in his pride attributes neither thought nor soul — only instinct. Contrast the dog with the human harpies, too well known on the battle-field.”

HITTING THE MARK.

“I fire a great quantity of shot : it will be strange if some do not hit the mark,” was the saying of a distinguished physician of the old school. They did hit the mark fearfully ; but the mark was the patient, not the disease. They still practice in that way in China. A Chinese mandarin, it is said, will call in twelve physicians, take

the prescription of each, mix, and down with the whole, quite sure that some of them will "hit the mark."

HO, FARMERS!

A medical authority thus treats what it considers one of your illusions. It denies that salt tends to preserve hay or improve its quality: "Its action is unfavorable to curing hay in the mow, as it is a substance that attracts moisture. It holds, besides, considerable water of crystallization, and this affords moisture and helps defeat the end in view. Wet or damp hay will keep no better for throwing salt over it, and when this substance is used largely it is injurious to animals; for keeping them all the while on salt hay is like keeping sailors all the while on salt junk." This comes from Gunn's medical and chemical work.

IMMORTALITY AND FREE RELIGION.

The Free Religionists, by renouncing the assurances that come from supernatural revelation touching the subject of a future life, are thrown back on the evidence of science and nature. How satisfying these are would appear from the utterances of Mr. Abbot in "The Index," which seem to us the pensive sighings of an earnest heart for what it has no assurance of, not the rejoicing faith of the true believer. In vain you tell us that for the loss of heaven hereafter, we must make for ourselves a heaven on earth. You ought to know that for the soul of deepest sensibilities and noblest aspirations the heaven on earth would be ever overhung with the shadow of death, if the terminus of that heaven were a coffin and a grave. But let Mr. Abbot speak for himself:—

"You know I do not dogmatize—you know I count it ill-befitting a great spirit to quarrel with nature's laws, be they what they may. But in our utter inability to pierce the veil that hides the future, I hold it not presumptuous to expect noble things of this noble universe we dwell in. Sooner or later every human career becomes tragic. But is it worthy of nature or worthy of God (I care not what name is chosen to hide our ignorance) that human life shall be forever a tragedy? These homes of ours are frail as the shells that enclose the embryo bird; shall the great affections of the human soul perish unfledged? Shall nothing at last emerge with wings? Remind me of my ignorance as much as you will; this I confess, for truth demands it. But expect me not to take delight in drawing from my own ignorance auguries that dishonor

the absolute wisdom patent on every page of nature's book. No! If instructed at last that this life is all, it concerns my self-respect that I accept with fortitude the inevitable fate. But until thus instructed beyond a doubt, it concerns my self-respect not to cherish the conceit that my human hope can be more magnificent than nature's infinite possibilities — not to fancy that my imagination can conceive a sublimer *denouement* to the drama of human existence than nature with her boundless and unsuspected resources can evolve in limitless time. I can understand full well how a great-souled man may unflinchingly but sadly acquiesce in what seems to him the disproof of immortality; but I cannot conceive how a great-souled man can exult in it. To be intelligent is a magnificent privilege, is it not? Then to lose intelligence is to be degraded from a high function in the universe. Let it be far from us to *rejoice* at the thought of our own possible degradation!

"When, therefore, I see a beautiful home shattered like a costly vase, whose very fragments are still fragrant with the divine perfume of the flowers it held, — when the spectacle of life's drama ends with crushed and bleeding hearts, — I am impelled by the very artistic instinct within, if by no deeper stirring, to hope that this is but the ending of a scene, not the ending of the play. Life cannot be a tragedy at the last, unless the actors are nobler than the Author. The final outcome of spiritual being — shall it be death? The utter pathos of these separations, wringing tears from everything but stones, — can this be the closing strain in the grand oratorio of divine devotion and a love that triumphs over all? Can it be that the music of the stars is thus set to the minor key? Be it that the word 'home' has become a mere memory of the past, inwrought with deathless pain and longing and outstretching after beloved arms; yet if it shifts and changes under the soothing touch of Time into a still diviner hope of the future, a cheerful vision of re-united loves and bliss made a thousand-fold more sacred by long intervals of solitary grieving, — who shall venture to cry 'Nay!' Until the vast mystery of death has been utterly unsealed, it is sciolism, not science, that steps briskly forward with negations incapable of proof."

THE NEW FLAG.

Rev. W. J. Potter announces the following, and assures us that he "stands" by it: "That the human intelligence and conscience are to be trusted absolutely to come to whatever conclusions they should be brought when acting freely under the normal laws of their own being, and that there is no other test that our conclusions are true than this inward one which resides in human reason itself." He says, moreover, that he believes in God and in religion "because human intelligence leads to these beliefs;" but no one of his beliefs, if he can help it, shall prevent him from "shaking hands

with a man of the most opposite beliefs, and joining with him as an equal brother in the search after truth and in the promotion of human welfare." And this, he says, "according to my understanding, is the essential idea and aim of the Free Religious Association."

If we remember right we have heard something like this before. We think we have heard it proclaimed so often — at least fifty years — that people had got it pretty nearly by heart. And during all that time we do not remember to have seen or heard of man, woman, or child who did not profess the same trust in "the human intelligence and conscience," or any person, Catholic, Protestant, or Infidel, who did not hold that they ought to believe what on the whole their reason approved and dictated. Even the man in the insane asylum made the same appeal to private reason: "I thought the world was mad, and the world thought I was, and they outvoted me, and so I am here."

Suppose some individuals were to secede from the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and proclaim that twice two is four, and stick to it; with the proviso, however, that if in the development of human intelligence it shall turn out that two and two make six they pledge themselves to believe it whenever their reason can see it; and meanwhile they will shake hands with everybody who is trying to investigate the subject, and will heartily co-operate with them in any scheme for the promotion of human welfare, — would not that be another "advanced thought" of the times?

CANDIDATING.

Time was when in Massachusetts the people through a convention nominated candidates for the office of Governor. Now, if you wish to be a candidate you can get somebody to write you a letter, and ask you if you will be one, and what you think of men and things; and you can answer your own questions, and say you will be. Whether you will be elected or not depends upon another matter, — namely, at how high a premium are brass, self-conceit, and audacity rewarded in the old Bay State.

SOMEBODY says that politenes is like an air-cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS: Sermons. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 1871. Pp. 351.

This is another of Robert Collyer's cheery and hearty books. As the name suggests, these sermons are specially upon the conduct of life; but the author uses his preacher's privilege, and gives us a little of everything. The book seems a little less good than "Nature and Life," but of very nearly the same quality, and it excels that in containing a good likeness of Mr. Collyer.

These sermons are pervaded by that simplicity and warmth, and that faith in the Gospel as the "glad tidings" of God and heaven, which make Mr. Collyer such a wholesome preacher. In the way of thought, however, they seem less excellent. As exhortations to honest and worthy living within the common range of liberal ideas they are good, but they contribute little to the solution of the problems of life and of religion. The thought in them on many points lacks depth and firmness, and often degenerates into an easy-going optimism. Thus in the matter of tolerance, Mr. Collyer seems weak. He speaks of the different churches as natural outgrowths of the human spirit, different as the nests that the birds build, but all having their fitness and right to existence. "If we could ever," he says, "grow so large-hearted as to recognize this spiritual conformation [out of which different churches grow] it would trouble us no more to see a good man in the Church of Rome than it troubles the eagle to see the lark. It would be as natural and beautiful for us to see men in the Presbyterian Church, or in the Episcopalian, as it is to see one bird build in a thorn-bush, another in an apple-tree, &c." Now just in this matter of religion men differ from birds, and the comparison obscures instead of clearing up the matter. Is it merely a question of largeness of heart? Is not *truth* involved? And, indeed, what would Mr. Collyer think of a man's largeness of heart who was so tolerant of all social systems as to feel no pang at seeing a fellow-man in slavery? Was it the large-hearted men who looked complacently at American slavery? Then how about a Roman Catholic, not one formally such, but really such in his heart, one who has handed over his mind and conscience to the infallible Pope? Is it large-hearted to look on

such a man, and feel no pang? There is a tolerance which springs from a sad and sympathetic recognition of the limitations of human thought, and there is a tolerance which springs from indifference to religious truth, from a general carelessness about doctrine and theology. This latter counterfeit tolerance is one of the great banes of our denomination, and not until we wake again to a sense of the importance of truth of doctrine, and once more think hard and deep upon all the great religious problems, shall we recover our place among the leaders of the religious thought of the country. Here is some more "tolerance." "There are plenty of men and women, wherever you go, who will be glad to meet you and tell the truth, and let other people alone; who will respect your nature in religion." But we have no right to let each other alone. There is a truth to which we owe supreme allegiance. If you and I hold opposite views upon the same point, one must be wrong, or both. You have no right to leave me in error, nor I you. We Unitarians have no right to let our neighbors alone, nor they us, if we believe one thing and they the opposite. In the name of that truth which is above us both, we should reason together and persuade each other. Better fight each other than let each other alone.

And in the matter of sin and evil, what Mr. Collyer says is sometimes far from being deep. To refer evil to the Devil relieves us of a multitude of perplexities. It gives us one great perplexity, but if we can once swallow that, the problem is settled for us. Now Mr. Collyer seems to enjoy all the simplicity of thought which comes from belief in the Devil, without believing in him. He refers sin and evil, and bad men, to the Devil, in a way that leads one to suspect that, though he has no faith in him, he yet uses him as a convenient hypothesis, thus sparing himself the trouble of thinking deeply upon the subject. But if we do not believe in the Devil, the sooner we get rid of the conception of him, and the sooner we leave off using him as a convenient fiction, the better. We shall then see the problem of sin and evil more in its native depth and terror. Modern liberalism is not very strong in its thought upon these darker mysteries, and we must penetrate these depths also, if we would have a religion large as human experience and human need.

And Mr. Collyer's conception of religion seems to show a lack of appreciation of the quiet and meditative dispositions and virtues, and to regard too exclusively the active virtues. "The holiness of helpfulness" is the subject of one of his sermons, and a very good

subject every one will grant it to be ; but the sermon, and in that it is characteristic, rather ignores the religion that there is in the still, personal worship. "Show us the fruit of such religion," do you say? The man himself is the fruit. The active, busy, "practical" religion—that is good no doubt, but let us not think it is the whole.

And in his estimate of men, Mr. Collyer seems trenchant rather than exact. He believes men to be good or bad, but he seems to lack a fine discrimination of character. A few great characters whom he loves, he often speaks of with a delicate as well as a strong appreciation, but his general and passing estimate of men is seldom distinct. And he discriminates too little between the quality of virtues, and talent, and worthy actions. Let a man be "brave, faithful, strong, and loving," and Mr. Collyer exalts him to the top of praise. Such a man is very high up, no doubt, but there are other heights, heights of thought, imagination, adoration, sacrifice of self. These, of course, Mr. Collyer believes in ; we do not doubt that, only the standard which he generally holds up seems too limited, and not to include some of the parts of our nature, especially of our intellectual nature.

We make these criticisms the more freely because the faults of which we speak seem to us not to belong to Mr. Collyer only, but to nearly all of us. But these are not the only nor the chief things to be found in these sermons. The beauty, the pathos, the manliness, and tenderness, the generous sympathy, the brave hope and trust, and the warm Christian faith which makes Mr. Collyer's words so dear to our public, are to be found in this book also. "The Vine and the Branches," and the "Two Mites," and "At the Soldiers' Graves," seem to us the best of the sermons, and the last is perhaps the most eloquent and moving of all, and reminds us by its kindred spirit of Lincoln's great address at Gettysburg. In some of the virtues of which we have spoken Mr. Collyer stands first among our preachers and writers. There is an original and wholesome flavor about his words which makes his speech or his books always welcome.

F. T. W.

THE RADICAL. July, 1871. Boston.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. July, 1871. New York.

We rather enjoy placing these two monthly journals side by side so that their extreme views may neutralize one another. In some respects they are very much alike. In dogmatism and intolerance,

in the intense bigotry with which they look on all who oppose their views, in their assumption of superior intelligence and authority, and a quiet contempt for those who differ from them, there is little to choose between the two. Our Radical neophyte, fresh from the apple-orchard, and the Gospel Lesson which its blossoms have been teaching, meets the church-going worshipers, and, as they pass by, he exclaims with mingled pity and contempt, "O Spirit of Light and Life and Love! how shall I approach these my befogged brethren so as to help them on towards a purer light, instead of arousing to painful action their religious emotions!" Is there not something of the Pharisee in this,—his proud self-complacency, his narrowness and scorn? Hear now what our Roman Catholic brother in "The World" has to say of The Radicals:—

"In fact we grow rather impatient, as we grow old, of writers who, because they actually have learned more than they knew in their cradles, imagine that they have learned more than all the rest of mankind. . . . We love science, we honor the men who devote their lives to its cultivation; but we ask that it be science, not hypothesis, not simply a thing of mere conjectures or guesses. . . . We deny not progress; we believe in it, and hold that man is progressive even to the infinite; but not by his own unaided effort, or by his own inherent energy and natural strength, nor without the supernatural aid of divine grace. But progress by nature alone, self-evolution, though we tried to believe it when a child, we put away when we became a man, as we did other childish things."

Both these writers claim to have come out of darkness into the light. Both are equally impatient of the other. Which has really made the greater progress,—he who went out of the church into nature that he might despise and denounce his fellow-worshipers in the church, or he who went from nature into the church that he might despise and denounce nature? In these particular utterances the Roman Catholic has greatly the advantage in temper and in reason. But is there not a better way than either of these? Is not God in our Christian religion seeking to reconcile man to himself? Has he not in Jesus Christ made to us a revelation of divine truth and a manifestation of divine influences through which we may be brought into harmony with himself, so that nature and the church are in harmony with one another? As we are born into a higher life, may not nature partake of our newness of life, and therefore bring to us a higher revelation of divine love and goodness? The church may throw its light upon nature. He who has reverently listened and worshiped in the church, and learned its lessons of Christian faith

and hope and love, will find himself in deeper sympathy with nature, and his soul will more readily vibrate to its quickening impulses. Nature and the church, reason and Christ, who is the impersonation of reason to man, the teachings of God in the revelation which he has made of himself through the greatest and holiest of the sons of men, and the teachings of God in the revelation which he is always making of himself through opening bud and blossom in the apple-orchard—are they not all from God, all working in harmony, and all provided for the good of his children? No one can tell how much the sweet and heavenly soul of Jesus, conscious of God's presence everywhere, and associating the thought of God with the sparrow, the lily, the grass of the field, with prayer, with labor, with health, with sickness and death—no one can tell how much he has done to make this outward universe fragrant and vocal with the love and goodness of God. And in unfolding the great truths of thought and life which he has revealed, appealing to the deeper instincts of our nature and to the reason emancipated from all blinding prejudices, who can tell how much he has done, not only for the soul, the spiritual life, but for the intellect of man? And when we have come back from our human dogmas and papal or radical infallibilities to the teachings of Jesus, and have sought to enter into their meaning by profounder thinking and holier living, we shall find reason, not less than nature, illuminated and transfigured by a diviner spirit. The church will give its blessed utterances, and every apple-blossom will respond with its loving Amen and sweet perfume to the lessons of Christian faith and charity which are taught there. The divine truth, taught by Jesus to those who of themselves could never have attained to it, may verify itself to them in their highest religious conceptions and experiences, and thus ally itself as a quickening power with all that is beautiful in nature, and all that commends itself as true to the reason.

We should do injustice to both these journals if we should leave them with only these criticisms. Both have excellent articles; but in breadth and variety of culture, in depth of thought, in the mastery of great subjects, "The World" is as much superior to "The Radical" as "The Radical" is to "The World" in the freedom with which it assails all established opinions and institutions.

Another volume of LANGE'S COMMENTARY has been published by Charles Scribner & Co., being the Gospel according to John, translated from the German, revised, enlarged and edited by Philip

Schaff, D.D., professor of theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The present volume is uniform with the series of this commentary on the Old and New Testament. It is a monument of immense learning and research, and the present volume, comprising that portion of Scripture which has been most recently and persistently assailed by skeptical criticism, is one of the most valuable of the series. The most serious objection to the work is that the pages are so crowded with matter, and sometimes into such close print that they threaten fearfully the eyes of the reader. Six hundred and fifty-four pages of the largest octavo, double columns! But when the reader has the book, he has all that whole libraries could give him on the Orthodox side touching the origin, interpretation, and theology of the Fourth Gospel. s.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. July, 1871. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A very able number of this able periodical. Each article is a thorough treatise on the subject to which it relates, and no one of them can well be read by an intelligent person without profit. Forms of Minority Representation, The Religion of the Ancient Romans, The Genesis of Species, The Meaning of Revenue Reform, The Exploration of Palestine, are the titles of the principal articles. The article on Revenue Reform, whether we accept all its doctrines or not, contains statements and reasonings which deserve the attention of every enlightened citizen. Class legislation, that is, legislation for the advantage of the few at the expense of the many, is carried on in this country to an extent which our people hardly dream of, and we ought to be thankful to every writer who will strip off the disguise in which it conceals itself, and expose it in its true colors. The Book Notices are evidently written with a knowledge of the books noticed and may be relied upon. In short, they who take the pains to read "The North American Review" will be well informed on many important subjects that belong to the intellectual history of the times.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

Most of our readers have undoubtedly read this last of Mrs. Stowe's novels. We remember bringing home the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it first came from the press. We said as we opened the parcel, "Mrs. Stowe is very clever at a small story, but

it is a pity that she should undertake anything so long as this." We sat down to it. We could not tear ourselves away from it. And when we had read it through, we felt, and wrote down and published our conviction, that here was the mightiest weapon that had yet been formed for the destruction of slavery. In reading "Pink and White Tyranny," of course we find nothing of the overpowering emotions which moved us so before. But it is a wise and interesting story, carrying us on not too rapidly, but thoughtfully discussing subjects of the gravest interest, and always throwing the weight of its influence on the right side. It cannot be too extensively read. But we fear that like simple articles of food to one whose taste has been vitiated by unwholesome stimulants, it may seem tame to those who need it most. Simplicity and purity in the domestic relations are essential alike to the best life of individuals and nations. And this book cannot but make these qualities more attractive and lovely to every right-minded reader.

PROF. FOLSOM has carefully revised and published a second edition of his valuable translation of the four Gospels, with additional notes on the proem of John's Gospel and other disputed passages. The translation itself serves the purpose of a commentary by bringing out of the original new shades of meaning. The work is valuable both to the common reader and the scholar; to the latter as inviting on every page to new study and a new apprehension of the meaning of the text, which opens freshly upon him with every investigation. We cite a single instance to show how a more careful study of the delicate shades of meaning and a faithful adherence to them affects important doctrines of religion. The common version reads (John i. 3), "Without him [the Word] was not anything made that was made." *To make* is to manufacture out of pre-existing material, — a notion which John is specially concerned to repudiate. Besides, the phrase rendered "not anything" involves a more emphatic negative. Prof. Folsom renders, "All things through it [the Word] arose into being, and without it arose not one thing [*οὐδὲ ἓν*] into being that has arisen." The writer of the proem means to reject with emphasis the doctrine of an outlying chaos, out of which the world, according to the Platonists, was *made*, not *created*.

We hope Prof. Folsom's labor will be generally appreciated, and meet with a hearty response in the sale of his work, — a work which, though one of love, must have required a vast deal of time

and research, as it embodies the results of ripe and careful scholarship. s.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW REPORTERS. By Francis Fiske Heard.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Here is a book full of quaint, curious, and instructive matter. It may not in all respects heighten our reverence for the law and those who have administered it in past ages. But it will increase our gratitude for the progress which has been made even in the common law, which has sometimes been regarded as the highest expression of human reason, if not, indeed, in old Hooker's sonorous phrase, "the voice of God" and "the harmony of the universe." But the law which that great soul was thinking of belonged to a higher sphere, and was the divine harmony of which only snatches have come down into our discordant world, and they have dwelt not so much in the laws of the land as in the highest souls of our race. This is a very entertaining book, and well worth having at hand to read and refer to again and again.

NEW-TESTAMENT MANUAL: Embracing an historical view of the Gospels, &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A great deal of valuable matter is condensed into this book. And yet it does not seem to us attractive. A good Sunday-school teacher may make it so, and it may help a faithful teacher in many ways. We thought the day had gone by for sentences like this: "It has been truly said that every word of the Bible is from God." What edition of the Bible does the writer mean? What copy,—the original Hebrew and Greek, or our English version? What shall be done with the thousands of different readings in the most ancient manuscripts? variations, most of them, of no importance, except for this absurd theory that *every word* is from God.

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Francis H. Underwood. Vol. I. British Authors. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We like both the plan and the execution of this work. It is intended for the use of high schools, and private students who would study at once our language and our literature. It is preceded by a historical sketch of the English language. Its selections, reaching from Chaucer to Robert Buchanan, are judiciously made, and will do as much as any work of six hundred pages can do to give the young a taste of the quality of our best writers.

THE NEW ENGLANDER. New Haven.

This has always been a favorite periodical with us. It is religious, and yet not dull, orthodox and yet liberal, while it is always gentlemanly and scholarly. The article on the leader in the great Chinese rebellion is very interesting, and the article on Yale College is one to engage the attention of those who take an interest in what relates to the higher walks of education. The following paragraph relating to Miss Hillhouse, who always took a great interest in the lives of "the really good people," is worth reading and remembering:—

"There is a polite toleration of the religious views of the disciples of a different faith, which is the consequence of a cold indifference to truth, and a want of appreciation of its value. There is, on the other hand, among a few rare spirits, such an abounding admiration and love of whatever is beautiful and excellent in a truly religious character, that wherever it is seen they give at once their love, even though it exists in connection with views and even practices which they deem erroneous. Wherever such a spirit as this exists, we may be sure that it is the result of the highest kind of religious culture. Now this was the characteristic which was so beautiful and attractive in Miss Hillhouse. It was her delight to obtain information with regard to the really good people of contemporary history of other countries and Christian communions, even the most widely separated from her own. Few persons have such a range of information as she had with regard to all the noblest characters of the world's history. She manifested not the slightest interest in the failings of others; not the slightest interest in polemical literature. Her constant inquiry was, What do the best people do or say? Thus she was always elevated with the noblest thoughts, and seemed always to live in communion with the choicest spirits of all ages."

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. July, 1871. D. D. Whedon, LL.D., Editor. New York: Carlton and Lanahan.

An interesting number of this popular and ably edited Quarterly. The article on Ernest Newville; his Works and Opinions, is what such an article should be, and especially worth reading. The Book Notices are particularly extensive and well prepared.

LITTLE MEN. By L. M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is fully as entertaining as its predecessor, "Little Women;" but we fear that some of the more fascinating tricks played by the "little men" may prove too suggestive to some of their younger admirers.